new Masses
JANUARY 15, 1935 10c

What Is Happening In the Saar

A First Hand Report

By ILYA EHRENBOURG

A Man and a Woman *A Mass Recitation by ERNST TOLLER*

2,000 Workers Dying on a Job *By BERNARD ALLEN*

Not a Dry Eye
By ROBERT FORSYTHE

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New Masses

JANUARY 15, 1935

NOT since the Hall-Mills case have the forces of journalism been marshaled in such proportions as they have been in the present Hauptmann trial—batteries of photographers, squadrons of newspapermen, "personalities" like Kathleen Norris who are supposed to write more profoundly than regular members of the profession, who refer to them, it might be added, as "trained seals." So high, in fact, has the state of journalistic excitement risen that it has become a major part of the news itself and we are presented with photographs of news photographers photographing and stories by reporters about the reporting of other reporters. It would be difficult to go much farther than that unless they began printing photographs of photographers photographing themselves and reporters reporting about their reporting.

MEANWHILE the trial goes on with the badgered newsmen wringing out every ounce of sensation they can for circulation purposes. Their drama, however, has not been of the first water, even with all the journalistic talent in the country massed to give the newspaper readers a hot time. Even Signor Pope, owner of a fascist Italian daily, is covering the trial all by himself (incidentally doing a bad job of it) and if only Hearst could forget the horrors of Soviet Russia for a few fleeting moments we might be able to get his majestic intellect working on the case too. With all the journalistic paraphernalia organized and the wires pumping the news of the trial to all quarters of the globe one cannot help but be reminded of several other trials which have occurred during the past few years. One remembers in particular the scorn with which the Soviet Union was treated by the American press for publicizing the trial of the English engineers who had tried to wreck the Five Year Plan. And one cannot help recalling, moreover, the energy which the International Labor Defense has in the past been forced to expend in order to get even two sticks of publicity for the Scottsboro and the Herndon cases.

Limbach

THE working class can chalk up three brilliant victories this past week as a result of the sterling work of the International Labor Defense. First of all, the U. S. Supreme Court announced that it would review the death verdicts against the two Scottsboro boys, thus automatically staying their execution scheduled Feb. 8. Next, the release of Antonio Gramsci, the beloved Communist leader of the Italian masses, who has suffered indescribable tortures in Mussolini's corporative jails this last decade. He was freed the moment an international delegation headed by Romain Rolland arrived in Italy to investigate prison conditions under Fascism. Hillsboro, Illinois, was the scene of the third victory. There, fourteen workers, indicted under that state's criminal-syndicalism law, received "suspended sentences." The proletariat's victory in the trial of Dimitrov and his companions is being followed up. Each of these cases proves to the hilt the contention of the I. L. D. and the Communists that indefatigable mass activity must surround the legal proceedings in all political cases. The Scottsboro decision flings the lie into the face of Samuel Leibowitz who, with his supporters, did his worst to spike the I. L. D.'s splendid fight. These victories, however important as they are, must be followed up. The proletariat will continue on the offen-

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sive in the fight to retrieve their fellow-workers from reaction. There are thousands of Scottsboros, Gramscis, Hillsboros. Other criminal-syndicalism trials pend in Illinois and California. In Portland, Ore. three workers have been convicted on the same charge. In Spain the prisons are jammed with heroic proletarians. And in Germany Ernst Thaelmann is still in jail.

IN this issue we publish an article by Ilya Ehrenbourg on the Saar situation during November and December. Recent news indicates that the rough-shod tactics of the Nazis in that region continues on the eve of the plebiscite. Reports reaching us state that the international police are being exploited by the Nazis to create hatred of all foreigners, and thus to strengthen the propaganda for unity with "the fatherland" of Hitler. Knox, head of the Saar Governing Commission, recently declared a political amnesty for Nazis, effective Jan. 7. The international troops, as all capitalist newspapers have reported, are kept strictly to their barracks, indicating that a free hand is to be given to Hitlerite bands on the day of the plebiscite. The commander of these troops is Brin, once the leader of the Black and Tan British forces of suppression in Ireland. The same notoriously reactionary commander was in Shanghai in 1927 to "maintain order," and used his troops against Chinese worker uprisings. But indications are that Nazi terror in the Saar is acting as a boomerang.

MAX BRAUN, Socialist leader and one of the leading figures in the anti-Nazi united front for status quo, cables that for the first time the status quo seems at the moment to have a clear majority. It is supported by the German Peoples' Party and the anti-fascist trade unions. The disintegration of Saar Naziism is shown by the fact that many rank and file members have gone over to the German Peoples' Party, a middle class movement headed by Dr. Hoffman, editor of the Neue Saarpost. Recently at one of the meetings of this party, in Blieckastel, Imbush, former head of the Christian trade unions in the Saar was attacked and beaten by the Nazi "disciplinary corps." Last week, Herr Baumbarten, prominent Catholic editor of the pro-Nazi Landeszeitung, resigned his post, taking with him into the status quo a large bloc of Catholic followers. . . . The struggles of the Saar status quo are being supported by funds and demonstrations in the United States. On Jan. 11, the United Action Committee of Ridgewood will hold a mass meeting at the Queen's Labor Lyceum. Clarence Hathaway of the Communist Party, Edward Gottlieb, Socialist, and Dr. Harry F. Ward are among the speakers announced. The Nazi terror is of course, a potent factor and may by sheer weight sweep away the force for freedom. In case of the return of the Saar to Hitler Germany, whole blocs of the population will be delivered over to Nazi reprisal concentration camps, execution and exile.

ONE of the most cunning tricks with words to be seen recently in an "objective" review appeared in John Chamberlain's column on Tugwell's new book, *The Battle for Democracy*. Chamberlain writes: "One can legitimately ask Professor Tugwell to prove that he is not caught in a great confusion, the confusion that consists of believing that a *dynamic* system, such as capitalism, can be forced to yield the benefits of a *static* system, such as Communism." (Italics ours.) Note the two opposed adjectives. Dynamic has nice, universally approved associations; static is a definitely unpopular word. By this little trick capitalism is turned into a progressive, Communism into a conservative system. The stability of Communist society is dismissed in the word "static," which impliedly revives the old bugaboo of Communist society as an inflexible, regimented, congealed way of life. It hides the anarchy of capitalism in the ballet dress of the twinkling word dynamic. It is a cunning trick, but unworthy of the author of *Farewell to Reform*.

IN The New York Times Magazine of Jan. 6 there appears an article with the terrifying heading "The Fear that Stalks in Russia." The article was written by Peter Fleming, one of those bright young Englishmen who travel around the world dragging their London fog behind them. It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Fleming was not abetted in his attack on the Soviet Union by The Times. Though as a faithful hack he had to win the good graces of the editors and owners of The New York Times by starting out with a description of the "terror" in Russia The Times gave him great help by distorting one of his sentences in order to supply a hot caption to a picture illustrating his story. It is quite evident from the manner in which The Times handled the story that they have joined with Hearst and The Chicago Tribune in the campaign to malign and slander the Soviets. Some years ago the Times took a licking on the distorted headlines it was publishing over its dispatches from Russia. It is evidently starting to play the old trick again but with a maliciousness that even supercedes its book-review section.

TO those who have believed that poets and poetry have no future under capitalism, an event of the fortnight must be disillusioning. For on December 13 the Rockefellers formally opened a national poetry center on the forty-fourth floor of their very own RCA Building. The center is to serve, according to Miss Anita Browne, its director, as a clearing house for information about poets and as an audition center for their works. According to Standard Oil accountants, the center will draw 52.8 more people a day to Rockefeller City, and thereby increase property valuation by 3-1/7 percent. If, they intimated, things work as they should, Mr. Rockefeller will prove his further devotion to art by opening an architectural center, a drama center, and a prose center. Art has a great future under the Standard Oil. James Stephens was the first on the center's program of lectures and readings. He defined poetry as a "spontaneous eruption." No sooner had he finished than the chairman, Miss Browne, rushed to the window and exclaimed about the beauty of the sunsets visible from the Rockefeller windows. Calling the assemblage to the windows, she erupted spontaneously: "Our location here, at this almost stratospheric height, will surely be a source of inspiration for poets." The center will be open to the public daily and will keep on permanent exhibition original scripts of poets of the past and present. Edgar Guest's work is not yet on exhibition, although it is clear that the center cannot be accused of partiality on this score. It is understood, however, that Mr. Guest is at present the private preserve of one of Mr. Rockefeller's smaller competitors, the Household Finance Corporation. Weekly, it sponsors the Household Musical Memories programs over the NBC Blue network, offering listeners Edgar Guest and quick cash loans from $30 to $300. At its offices the

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Household Finance Corporation has also established a poetry center, an Eddie Guest poetry center. Prospective borrowers may obtain free pictures and free biographical sketches of "America's most beloved poet." Who was it, then, that claimed poetry had no use, and therefore no future, in capitalist society? Why, the Rockefellers will tell you that poetry—the right kind of poetry—is a form of capital, and quite useful.

PHILOSOPHERS, in solemn conclave, discussed last week the Future of Liberalism. Amid two days of mediocre papers on problems of logic and value occurred a symposium on contemporary society. The participants were Professors John Dewey, William Hocking, and W. P. Montague, followed by Morris Cohen, C. M. Bakewell, and Sidney Hook speaking "extemporaneously." Rumors had it several days ahead of time that Hook was to introduce to the philosophers the "Workers' Party of the United States." This, however, did not materialize. The whole performance was highly significant, even if some of those present described it as a "circus." The three announced speakers averaged about seventy years in age. Yet all three clearly reflected the impact upon academic philosophers of the world crisis. Although Hocking was the only one who showed signs of having read something of Marx, all three admitted some of Marx' virtues and at the same time indicated neither desire nor ability to follow him. Dewey was the most coherent of the three main speakers. He recognizes some of the problems and seriously attempts to cope with them. But his fear of violence and of cataclysmic change leads him to believe that "scientific method" or "intelligence" will suffice for the purpose. At the same time this dean of American philosophers showed that he was reluctantly going "left" in admitting that the ruling class constantly makes use of force and that we who seek social change might have to resort to it. His position however, seems to consist largely in advising the ruling class against provoking men into the use of force. He has no conception of class struggle. The problem of a new society is to be solved, his speech suggested, largely by philosophers and social leaders.

HOCKING praised Marx as against John Stuart Mill but insisted that we need a strong government either of business or for business. Since labor leaders constantly double-cross the workers there is no use, he argued, in exchanging one set of crooks for another. He admitted that the Soviet Union had released the energies and the genius of the "people at the bottom" but his talk of the "whole," the "general will" and strong government brought him in line with the fascists. Montague gave a damning indictment of capitalism but advocated "island communities" of the unemployed similar to Sinclair's EPIC scheme. Cohen gave a deft criticism of Dewey's "experimental method" isolated from a philosophy of history and a set of values, and then made a passionate plea for not doing anything since human ills will always exist. Hook then announced himself as a "Marxist" rather than as a Socialist or Communist, saying that Marx, at least, was dead and hence could not repudiate him. He went out of his way to attack the Soviet Union as imitating Hitler and assured everybody, including Chancellor Chase of his own New York University, that he heartily disapproved of the present regime in the U.S.S.R. All of the speakers showed the inability of the professional philosopher in bourgeois society to escape from the traditional armchair methods; to escape the incubus of "private thinking." They started with abstract concepts, not with existing forces. They described what they thought society ought to be rather than analyzing existing society dialectically to determine its course of development and the possibilities inherent in it. All in all they gave the general public occasion to reflect on the bankruptcy of bourgeois academic philosophy. But at least the symposium accomplished something for the philosophers. One elderly philosopher from the West exclaimed afterwards in amazement: "Out West we're even afraid to think about such things."

THE Association of Foreign Press Correspondents occasionally brings up very important information for the country at large. The Association's president, Mr. R. J. Cruikshank, does so in his remarks on censorship, appearing in the December 24 issue of The Foreign Press, a mimeographed 'news-sheet' issued to members of the Association. Mr. Cruikshank expresses concern over the "power of rigid censorship that resides in the mobilization plans of the War Department." He points out that the Public Relations Counsellor who is to be appointed at the outbreak of hostilities will actually be "a super-Ivy Lee armed with dictato-

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rial powers." The War Department's draft legislation empowers the administration to commandeer newsprint, ink and all other available newspaper supplies. "During the last war," says Mr. Cruikshank, "I do not think there was a single belligerent country in which there was not some journal courageous enough to criticize either the conduct of a government, or the fundamental assumptions underlying the national policy. . . . In the United States, despite the repressive severity of the federal government during the war there was an inextinguishable play of criticism. But in 'that next war,' about which one hears so much in these committee hearings, a vigorous administration will be able to throttle from the start the mildest critics." Mr. Cruikshank soberly declares to his confreres that "we as journalists should face these things." He further points out that Congress is considering an amalgamation of the cable companies, which "shorn of all verbiage . . . means the creation of a monopoly,"—a final blow to even the pretensions at freedom that newspaper correspondents might have. We do not need to elaborate on this warning. We need only repeat that Fascism and war are imminent dangers before us, and that if we do not struggle with sufficient unity against this menace, censorship will not be the worst horror that American imperialism can force upon us.

THE following letter has just been sent to the managers of all Daniel Reeves grocery stores:

> It has come to my attention that labor organizers are calling on you and your assistants with the avowed object of your joining a union. No doubt you have a right to join if you see fit, but before you do so, I may tell you our side of the picture.
>
> For the year 1934 our profits will show us per store $8.00 per week average, but approximately three hundred stores whose sales are under $400 do not make one cent. It is now costing us twenty-three cents to sell one dollar's worth of groceries, so it is quite obvious that our prices will have to be raised, thereby reducing our volume of sales, which will inevitably compel us to discontinue in about three hundred stores of small volume sales, thereby losing jobs for these people with a corresponding number of assistant superintendents, truckmen, porters and office help.
>
> I surely hope this will be averted by your sound common sense! This is our story in a "nutshell" and I trust you will ponder on it wisely before you make any wild decision.
>
> Will be very glad to hear from you and your assistants and that from your encouragement we will be able to keep the "Old Flag" still at the masthead.
>
> Very sincerely,
>
> JAMES REEVES, Pres.

Daniel Reeves, Inc., operates 700 grocery stores throughout the country. Their financial statement for 1934 is not yet available, but in 1933 they reported an earned surplus of $1,888,000; dividends paid, $556,000; and cash on hand, $1,056,000. According to N.R.A. ballyhoo, 1934 was better for business than 1933, so it is reasonable to assume that in 1934 Daniel Reeves, Inc., paid larger dividends and acquired a larger "earned" surplus. (Also, according to N.R.A.'s famous Section 7A, the employees of Daniel Reeves, Inc. must not be interfered with in their right to organize.) But note the argument that Mr. Reeves uses, and the figures he feeds his employes in trying to convince them that the "Old Flag" must be kept flying, the flag of individual exploitation and anti-unionism. In 1934 poor Daniel Reeves, Inc. made only $8 a week profit per store. In 1933 at the lowest showing, they made $16 per week per store. Daniel Reeves stores are patronized largely by workers. Either the purchasing power of the masses has been cut to a hitherto unrealized extent, despite the official Washington communiques of an upswing, or Mr. Reeves is lying to his employes. Of course, both may be true.

TWO weeks ago the Steel Labor Relations Board "ordered" an election in two plants of the Carnegie Steel Corporation to allow the workers to choose their union. This decision came only after the restless workers were ready to go on strike for their own union—the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. But the company has other plans for its men. The canny stockholders are trying to sell the men "employe representation"—the company union. The election was once more stalled when the company's agents took action in the Circuit Court of Appeals. So the old N.R.A. game goes on; hindering the workers, tying them up in miles of legal red tape. But the patience of the working class, though great, is not infinite. The textile workers, for example, are showing their brothers in steel what can be done. In Georgia 1,000 employes this week massed on the picket line before the Richmond Mills to protest a wage-cut. The "boys in the tin hats," the National Guardsmen, were immediately dispatched to the town by the obliging governor. The Guardsmen carried off 60 strikers, ten of them women, to Georgia's own little concentration camp established during the general textile strike a few months ago. The strikers however continued on the line, pelting the Guardsmen with vegetables and stones. Of course, the Textile Labor Relations Board had been on the scene "investigating" for weeks. But as usual it could not make up its collective mind whether the workers were being unduly exploited or not. It finally "investigated" the employes into a wage-cut. Hence the strike. Workingmen are learning finally they can trust neither in the Blue Eagle, the Supreme Courts or God; they can rely only in the strength of their numbers.

EVER since Mr. William Randolph Hearst, our foremost war-maker, had his tete-a-tete with Hitler last fall, his campaign against Soviet Russia and the Communist Party has reached levels of abuse unequaled so far even by the Hearst papers. His cartoonists, his hacks, his columnists under his orders are working overtime to spread the gospel of Fascism and even he himself has seized pen and microphone to denounce the "rule of the proletariat." He did so over the radio last week and the venom which he sent over the air was up to the anti-semitic, anti-Communist propaganda of Dr. Goebbels. Protests against his campaign are already being made and one of the first has come from a hundred and fifty New York Methodist ministers who have sent a resolution to the Dickstein committee stating that they "recognize in this terrorism a particularly vicious and insidious form of propaganda because it masquerades under the guise of patriotism . . . and is directed at the very spirit and practice of free inquiry, discussion and teaching. . . ." No one should underestimate Hearst's power for evil. He has been screaming for war, race hatred and violence all his life and very soon we may be hearing him talking about purges and heads rolling in the sand. Behind his wealth and power there lies the immediate threat of Fascism in this country, a threat which makes the united front criminal to ignore.

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ROOSEVELT TELLS CONGRESS

Russell T. Limbach

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Roosevelt Tells Congress

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt, suave and smiling, appeared in person before Congress on Jan. 4, he reached the high point of his career as a demagogue. Nothing could exceed his expressions of concern for "a proper security, a reasonable leisure, a decent living throughout life" for the masses. Movingly he referred to the lamentable fact that "we have not effectively lifted up the under-privileged." Many illusions have faded since the Grand March of the N.R.A. under the baton of Maestro Hugh Johnson, but the cool presidential sophistry does not falter. The press hailed him again as the White House hope.

What does Roosevelt's new "security" mean for destitute and semi-destitute Americans? We do not hesitate to say that the latest message to Congress cloaks the most complete program of fascism Roosevelt has yet evolved. The core of the plan lies in forced labor for 3,500,000 people. The so-called jobs would only be available for "employables on the relief rolls," it is reported, and not "for an uncounted number of idle not yet reduced to relief." And here is the point: "Security payments should be larger than the amount now received as a relief dole [sic] and at the same time not so large as to encourage rejection of opportunities for private employment." The President is going to insure "a proper security, a reasonable leisure, a decent living throughout life" on a wage less than the minimum industrial wage today. This means $7 or $8 per family.

Industry will be protected. The subsistence wage retains all the features of the reserve army of labor, while putting the unemployed to work. The projects undertaken, says the message, "should be selected and planned so as to compete as little as possible with private enterprise." They include slum clearance, rural housing, rural electrification, reforestation and programs to prevent soil erosion, to reclaim blighted areas, extend road systems and eliminate grade crossings. All of these are improvements which will save expenditures for some industrialists and big landlords and pour profits into the pockets of others. It is said that the projects will be undertaken "by government or its agencies and not by contractors." Even the capitalist papers express skepticism at this. Private contractors have done all government jobs to date.

Openly fascist proposals in this "American plan for the American people" are the extension of the Civilian Conservation Corps, the provision to unite all public works in a single "new and greatly enlarged coordinate authority" which will supersede F.E.R.A. . . .

Next week "social security" proposals will be brought forward, throwing the whole administration of social insurance, health insurance and old age pensions into the hands of the states, which will squeeze the cost out of the wage-earning and salaried public. Home Relief will be eliminated by Feb. 10, with only $800,000,000 most of it already owed, remaining for relief in the interval. The local governments and bankrupt cities will then have to deal with relief of "unemployables." . . .

The Fight for Bread

THE 20,000,000 on relief rolls throughout America had a big stake in the National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance held in Washington last week. They, and the other millions still lucky enough to have a job, of necessity hold the opinion that unemployment and social insurance is the "central issue" before the American working class. President Roosevelt thought otherwise. In his budget speech at the opening of Congress he jacked up the allowance to the hungry admirals and generals by some $235,000,000. The appropriation for war topped $850,000,000. Not a penny was laid aside for unemployment insurance. Roosevelt, however, did say something about a "more abundant life" for the American people.

The actual spokesmen for the American people — approximately 2,300 at the Unemployment Congress — hammered out a program which would ensure them something of "a more abundant life." They formed one of the most significant united fronts in decades around the Workers' Bill, H. R. 2827 (known in the past Congress as H. R. 7598). Between four and five million persons backed it. Every category of America's 120,000,000 was represented at the Congress—workers, professional, farmer, Negro, foreign-born. Communist and Socialist rank and file worked side by side in formulating the program. The American Federation of Labor was represented by 307 delegates. (This, despite the sabotage by the top A. F. of L. leaders.) Independent unions sent 344 delegates.

Frank Kidneigh, Denver boilermaker, a Socialist and pioneer A. F. of L. man, summarized the point of view of the S. P. rank and file. He said: "Some of our Socialist leaders threatened my local because I was delegated to the Congress. Some of the A. F. of L. bureaucrats have done the same. What fools they are. I have worked too hard for my Socialist and union cards during thirty-five years of struggle to let them force me to become a coward or a traitor to the workers. . . ."

The Congress sent a delegation to talk to Roosevelt. It was led by Elmer Brown, of the New York Typographical Union No. 6. The President's "bad cold" prevented him from talking to his fellow countrymen. Edward McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor ("I used to be a worker myself") finally met the delegates. A miner's wife from West Virginia had the bad taste to talk about starvation and death of miners' children in the coal country. McGrady said he "would be glad" to send the woman some booklets of the Department of Labor "on child care." The proletarian mother retorted that "books won't buy milk and orange juice for babies."

The delegates informed their Congressmen that since one-sixth of the American people had been "reduced to a mere animal basis of existence" and since 80 percent of the population are "under severe attack" of the crisis, H. R. 2827 must receive immediate congressional consideration. They wanted none of the "counterfeit social security" proposals flooding the country.

But the working men know that Congressmen find it hard to understand arguments on paper: a sterner language is necessary. The unemployed therefore decided upon a mass march to Washington to convince the legislators that the masses are tired of living on hardtack rations—that they want, and mean to get, that "more abundant life" which Roosevelt is so fond of talking about.

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What Is Happening in the Saar

A First Hand Report

ILYA EHRENBOURG

SAARBRUECKEN, DEC. 26, 1934.

IT IS a quiet morning in Geneva. The air is fresh and invigorating. The diplomats smile. They slept well last night and they are satisfied with life. They say: "The danger is avoided. The contesting sides are equal. The question of the Saar will be solved by the free expression of the people's will." They speak nicely, the diplomats—that's why they are diplomats.

When I came to Saarbruecken the first thing I did was to look for a newspaper stand. There was a great variety of papers on the stand: The Saarbruecken Gazette, The Saarbruecken Evening News, The Saar Gazette, The Call to Struggle, The Bomb, The German Front, The League of Nations News, The Young Saar Fighter. I glanced through these papers: "Down with the traitors! Long live Hitler!" I asked the woman who was selling them: "Have you any other newspapers?" She smiled: "Here are papers from Berlin, Munich, Frankfort—choose anyone you like." But I did not stop to choose. "Perhaps you have other papers, papers that express a different point of view. Don't you understand me? Speaking the language of these gentlemen, I mean—newspapers of the 'traitors'." The woman looked at me as though I were mad. "What are you saying! I should sell such horrible papers!" I decided that she was a fanatical Nazi. I went to another newspaper stand. Alas, there, too, all I could get were Nazi sheets.

It soon became clear to me what the first condition is for assuring the "free expression of the people's will" in the Saar. All the newsstands in the Saar belong to one trust, and this trust, of course, reeks with Nazi sentiments. In the whole Saar region there isn't a single stand where one can buy an anti-Nazi paper. Daring young men sell anti-Nazi sheets on street corners. Everywhere else news vendors are news vendors, but in the Saar they are heroes. They have to be prepared for death at any moment. In the little towns and villages the Nazis hunt them as though they were wild beasts. In the village of Altenkessel I saw a worker with a bandaged head. I asked him: "Are you a Communist? Perhaps a Socialist?" He smiled sadly: "No, my father was selling Die Arbeiterzeitung."

There are thirty-two bookstores in Saarbruecken. In twenty-nine of those only Nazi books are being sold: *Moscow Shrieks, The French in the Saar, The Song of the Young Stormtrooper, The Return of Levy from Jerusalem* and other works from the country that gave to the world such men as Baldur von Schirach.

All the movie houses are in the hands of the Nazis. Every night they put on the operettas of Ufa, after which Goebbels, with his hand raised to the sky, delivers one of his impassioned speeches. On holidays one can see educational pictures, as, for instance, *Horst Wessel* and, instead of Goebbels, Herr Goering raises his hand to the sky. One of the small movie houses wanted to show a Marxist-political film based on a story by Alphonse Daudet. But the owner was warned that if anything of that sort happened his life would come to a sudden end.

Every evening the German radio stations devote many hours to the Saar. They mention the names of the "traitors" and speak of punishment. They frighten the wavering. To the good "patriots" they promise rewards. Whom do not the Nazis drag to the microphone! A five-year-old girl lisps imploringly that the good fathers and mothers should vote for the return of the Saar to Germany. She babbles about her Christmas tree, about how good it is to live in Germany and that she is only five years old: the truth out of the mouth of a babe. Following the five-year-old patriot, Herr Severing, the former leader of the Social-Democrats and retired police chief comes to the microphone. Sighing, he exclaims: "Comrades! . . ." Herr Severing implores the Saar workers to return to the German fold: It is so nice and congenial in Germany. Even a former revolutionist like Herr Severing receives a pension for life.

On the houses one finds many slogans painted: "Long Live Hitler!" "The Saar Is True to Germany!" "Death to the Red Traitors!" True, the Governing Commission has decided to erase these slogans but the Nazis have covered them with a thin coat of white paint so that everyone can see underneath, the enormous black letters.

It is possible that the Geneva diplomats will say: "Why don't the anti-Nazis paint slogans on their own houses—'Down with Nazism'?" It has always seemed to me that the diplomats, despite their make-believe scepticism, suffer from a great deal of naivete. How shall one explain to them that a worker has no house on which to paint: "Down with Nazism." Looking out of his window he sees right in front of his nose the slogan, "Death to the Red Traitors." The house belongs to Herr Mueller or Herr Schultz. The owner has the right to write on his house whatever he pleases, but the worker who rents a room in the house has only to bring in his rent regularly.

The workers have neither bookstores, radio stations nor cinemas. All they have are their hands and hearts. Such is the equality of the contesting sides.

I used to think that Chicago gangsters were great masters of their art. Having been in the Saar, however, I realize that Germany is, indeed, a country of geniuses: The Chicago gangsters should take lessons from the leaders of the "German Front."

A meeting of anti-Nazis. According to the decision of the Governing Commission, all meetings are closed; before gaining admission one has to show a card with his name on it. Sunday: It is an ordinary meeting, held in a small hall adjoining a beer garden. Two men with cameras, apparently reporters, stand near the entrance. Why is the local press so much interested in this small meeting?

This happened on the first day of my visit to the Saar. I was not yet acquainted with the customs of the local German gangsters. I thought that these men with the cameras really were reporters. Suddenly it occurred to me that they were only pretending to use their cameras. Smiling significantly, they watched the people. A man approached the hall. It was obvious that he wanted to attend the meeting. Seeing the photographers, he turned about and left. Undoubtedly he remembered the words of the leaders of the "German Front": "All those who attend the meetings of the traitors will, on Jan. 14, be placed in concentration camps." The photographers were there, of course, to scare the people away. Nor were they alone. They were surrounded by several Saar policemen whose business it was to see that no worker should take it into his head to break their cameras. After all, it is necessary to guarantee the freedom of the plebiscite.

At night, instead of cameras, the gangsters use searchlights. The searchlight is placed in a window opposite the house where the meeting of the "traitors" is to take place. Everyone, says the Governing Commission, can do in his house as he pleases, and there is no law prohibiting one to illuminate the streets.

The Saar Governing Commission has recently issued new stamps with the inscription: "The Plebiscite of the Year 1935." These stamps are rapidly bought up, not only by the philatelists, but also by the gangsters. The Saar Post Office cannot complain of the crisis. Those who are suspected of "treachery" receive letters practically every day. In these letters the good Nazi patriots express their innermost thoughts in the language of Goethe and Schiller. I saw hundreds of such epistles. They are much more characteristic for their expressiveness than for their variety.

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I shall cite one of them, having deleted some passages in it:

> You stick your dirty nose where you shouldn't. The Saar is true to Germany and you are a dirty dog. You have only twenty-nine days left in which to live. If you want to save your lousy skin go at once to your filthy Frenchmen or we shall cut open your belly and play a march on your intestines.

The signature, as usual, is not legible.

Sometimes the envelopes containing these letters bear German stamps. The inhabitants of Merzig receive from Germany two hundred letters a day. The workers of the city of Altenkessel received through the post office filthy pieces of toilet paper. It is disgusting to write about this, but what can one do? In dealing with German fascists one must forget many of the elementary accomplishments of mankind. Here a veterinary would undoubtedly be much more useful than a psychologist.

A miner's wife goes into a store. She is told: "We don't sell to traitors." She returns home. Her nine-year-old son awaits her in tears. He had just returned from school. Did he fall and hurt himself? No. What happened? The teacher asked him to name the tributaries of the Rhine. The boy named all the tributaries. Then the teacher told him: "You are a young ass. Why prepare lessons? Don't you know that on Jan. 14 your father will be put behind bars and you will be thrown out of school? If I were in your place, I would run around and have a good time. . . ." His classmates laughed. The son of the traitor couldn't stand it and ran out of the classroom. The mother tried to console him, but there are tears in her eyes too. Thus it is from day to day: insults, jeers, scorn. . . .

I met an invalid: He had lost an eye in the War. He was receiving a small pension. Now the Commission has decided to review his case. The examining doctor is a good patriot. The doctor says "Heil Hitler!", and as far as he is concerned, even a glass eye can become a real one. "I haven't received my pension for two months," the invalid told me. "I asked them: 'Don't I need something to eat?' They replied: 'Let the French and the Soviets feed you.'"

Unemployment relief is distributed according to whether one is a patriot or a traitor. There have been recently organized commissions for "Winter Relief." The members of these commissions are not at all like the Geneva diplomats. They say rather laconically: "Become a member of the 'German Front' and then you will get two sacks of potatoes." Not always do they threaten; they also know how to bribe.

Representatives of Germany have recently bought from the peasants of the village of Picard all their potatoes. The peasants were overjoyed. "A crisis," they said, "but our people helped us. Not at all like the Frenchmen." The peasants delivered the potatoes—which were at once used to bribe the unemployed. Then the peasants came for their money. They were supposed to get francs. But the German representatives only shrugged their shoulders: "Why such impatience? Who said francs? Valuta we need ourselves. Here are receipts. In a month we shall be the Government and then we will pay you in good German marks."

In the village of Vorweiller I went into a small tea-room. The proprietress ran to meet me: "Are you a foreigner? Save me! I can't live like this any longer. . . ." She pointed to the broken windows of her shop. Every night the patriots throw stones into her house. Near the tea-room the patriots have placed a Saar gendarme. The gendarme wears the uniform prescribed by the League of Nations and he is apparently subordinate to the Geneva diplomats. Surely he was placed here to protect this woman from the nightly raids? No, the gendarme is himself a "patriot." He warns prospective customers: "Go some place else. You shouldn't drink here. She is a traitor. She has sold herself to the French." But in the little tea-room you can find neither French capital nor French wine. The crime of the proprietress consists of the fact that in reply to "Heil Hitler," she answered: "Good morning—this is a more pleasant greeting."

In Altenkessel I know a miner. He has been working in the mines for the last twenty-eight years. He tells me: "I was born here and I shall die here. Before, I thought that I should die in bed. Now it seems I shall be put to the wall." This miner is a Communist. The leaders of the "German Front" do all they can to torture him. They set their gang upon him. The old Saar miner was declared to be an "immigrant." A few days before he had been called out for emergency work. The mine was flooded. He worked longer and harder than anybody else. He saved his comrades from an imminent catastrophe. Afterwards one of the young Nazis told him: "Thanks. When you are placed behind barbed wire I shall sometimes bring you a package of cigarettes." But another who overheard this remark became indignant: "Why give him our cigarettes? Let him smoke French or Soviet."

In cooperation with the "German Front" in the Saar works the local division of the secret fascist police, Gestapo. At the head of the Saar Gestapo is Willie Steinbach. He secretly deports Communists and Socialists to Germany; he organizes night raids upon anti-Nazi leaders. Even the small newspaper dealers come within the scope of his activities. He is a jack of all trades. On Dec. 1 an elegant automobile stopped in front of the Saarbruecken headquarters of the Communist Party. Mr. Steinbach alighted, surrounded by Storm Troopers. He took a burglar's jimmy out of his pocket and opened the door. According to the police, the license plate on the automobile in which the raiders came was "Saar 16636," the license plate of Mr. Steinbach, but Willie is not in jail.

"The free expression of the people's will?" The diplomats in Geneva have quite a sense of humor. In order to fight against fascist Germany in the Saar, one has to be a hero. Much will become clear when the representatives of the neutral powers count the votes Jan. 14. Of course, we shall never find out how many people preferred a peaceful life under the protection of the League of Nations to the gay pranks of the boys in brown, but we shall know how many people there were in the Saar capable of committing heroic acts.

The Interested Parties

PLANNING the technical details for the plebiscite, Geneva speaks of "two interested parties": Germany and France. No one will doubt the interests of the German Fascists: for them it is the beginning of revenge. They killed Dollfuss in vain, they concentrated thousands of Storm Troopers upon the borders of Austria; they delivered militant speeches. All in vain. How could they justify all of that? The Saar plebiscite came in time. A slip of Clemenceau's pen has become for Hitler a great event: Germany will become great.

A few kilometers from Saarbruecken stands the French city of Forbach. The custom official there does not think about the fate of France. He is concerned about one thing: have we hidden Saar cigarettes in our pockets? In Forbach, people read Paris newspapers; they read about new bank swindles, about the crash of Citroen and about how Colonel La Rocq decided to go in for literature. All this is steeped in a kind of French provincialism, with its aperitifs, gossip, card playing, its desire to lengthen a pleasant day, without any historical events.

Of course, several very honorable Frenchmen are very much interested in Saar coal. But these gentlemen are much more interested in figures than in banners. The leader of the "German Front," Herr Herman Rechling, was sentenced by a French court to ten years' imprisonment. However, the gentlemen from the Comité des Forges do not bother with such trifles. To them Herr Herman Rechling is an important client: they can buy from him and sell to him. Moreover, he is not a Saar miner—he's one of them; it is easy to come to terms with him.

I was in France during the war. I know how a rank and file Frenchman, be he a Gascon wine-grower or a Picard miner, loves his country. I know how courageously the Frenchmen went to fight, but I also know that M. Thiers was not loath to ask the Prussians for help. "Business is business."

The French have carefully protected their interests in case the Saar goes to Germany. Discussing the Saar mines in Rome, they were indeed "an interested party." They debated figures and dates.

Clemenceau had at one time sworn that

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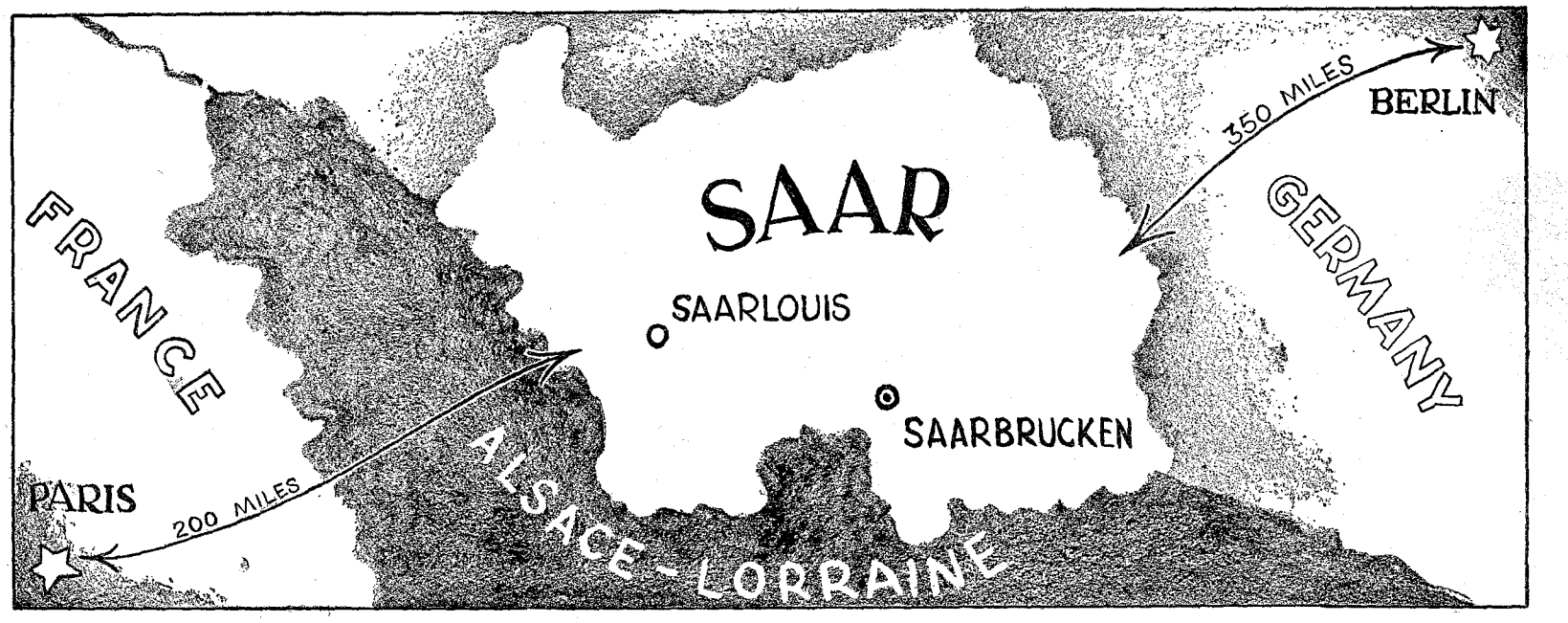

Frenchmen live in the Saar. There were years when the Frenchmen tried to capture the hearts of the Saarlanders: they built schools, published newspapers and spread proclamations of the so-called "autonomists," but when the question came to its final solution they forgot about the inhabitants of the Saar. They were interested only in one thing: the coal. And the people? . . . Well, let the Germans go to the Germans: this is the "free expression of the people's will!" The question is solved: peaceful dividends to some Frenchmen and a new proof of France's pacific intentions: "We don't want to fight." French engineers in the Saar are already packing their valises. "The interested party" is stepping aside. This is not so much a question of tactics, as of a historical sweep, the realization of one's historic role. Barthou was one of the last representatives of old republican France. The bullet of a fascist removed him in time from the political scene.

There are quite a few papers in France that repeat word for word the statements of the German fascists. Not knowing the French customs, this is difficult to understand. An ordinary theft in France is punished more severely than treachery to the country. A man who sold military secrets to a foreign power has been given only a few years in jail. On the other hand, a man who has threatened a jeweler with a gun is sentenced to hard labor. The newspaper La Presse publishes daily articles about the Saar. In one voice it cries: "The Saar must go back to Germany. The whole trouble lies with the Saar Marxists. One must save France from invasion by these criminals." The newspaper, La Presse, is published not in Berlin, but in Paris. It is not alone in its hysteria. It is no exaggeration to say that a good half of the French journalists have learned, if not the German syntax, at least the German terminology. The question of safeguarding the borders has long since been forgotten. In its place there now looms the worry of the scared middle-class: What will happen if these "Marxists" or Catholics should decide to come here after the plebiscite? . . . That is how the great-grandsons of Danton understand the role of a great state.

Hence, long live peace, peace at all costs!

But the sorcerer of the swastika is not a bit sentimental. He knows his business: again and again he calls forth the shadow of France. This is his main trump. Not long ago the leader of the Saar Communists, Pfordt, was supposed to speak in Paris. The French would not let him cross the border. This, however, did not prevent the Nazis from depicting Pfordt in the uniform of a French general.

The patriots refer constantly to the years of occupation: "We were ruled by Senegalese!" It is not my purpose here to defend the French. I know what military occupation is. But I saw the Germans in the Ukraine and I am convinced that the Senegalese in comparison with the white Prussian lieutenants are chivalrous knights, gentlemen, humanitarians.

In Berlin the Nazis told the workers about "Jewish capitalists." In the Saar they tell them about "French exploiters": Don't the mines belong to the French? "Comrades, remember how you are being exploited by French capitalists." . . . In the offices of the mines' officials there usually hangs a French flag: This flag is not a symbol, not a promise or militant challenge—it is simply a legal detail. But this little flag has helped the Nazis more than thousands of flags with swastikas which the inhabitants of the Saar have brought out into the streets, at the order of the "German Front."

The struggle against Hitlerism is carried on under difficult circumstances. The slogan of "Status quo" was not chosen by the workers. Indeed, it is necessary not only to be politically mature, but to be able to harden oneself against conflicting emotions to fight for an ephemeral state, with ministers appointed somewhere in Geneva, with a Yugoslavian as Minister of Justice, and Dutchmen enforcing order—a state which because of its proximity to the country infested with a brown epidemic resembles more a quarantine than a normal country. "Status quo"—against these foreign words the Nazis parade the thrice-besmirched, yet deeply meaningful word, "Fatherland."

The fate of words is as strange as the fate of people. There was a time when the word "Fatherland" to the Russian workers meant barracks, masters, priests—the monstrous injustice of old Russia. This word seemed dead forever. It was resurrected by the builders in Magnitogorsk, by the Komsomols, by the kolholzniks, the Chelyuskin heroism . . . but in the countries where the working class still has to pay with its blood for the profits of Krupp and Schneider, the word "Fatherland" is a dead word. If this word can still be paraded before the miners and steel workers of the Saar, it is because the fate of the Saar for the last fifteen years has been unlike that of any other country.

For the last fifteen years, while most of the countries were living through historical dramas, the Saar was an island where nothing happened. Saar workers experienced neither the defeat of the German revolution, the treachery of Loeb, the tricks of Hugenberg, nor the purge of June 30. It is not wrong to say that ideas and sentiments were preserved here just as they were on the day when the Armistice was declared. The patriotism of a part of the Saar workers is not so much the militant outbursts of the Storm-troopers as the old, semi-lyrical, semi-hypocritical songs which the Social-Democrats sang in the summer of 1914 when they clothed the workers in military tunics. The Communists in the Saar have to struggle not only with the gangsters of the "German Front," but also with the shadows of the distant past. It is not easy to convince an ordinary worker or peasant that if he hates Fascism, he should vote for the status quo. The patriots tell him: "But you are a German. Why do you need this strange government? Don't the

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French own the mines? Are you going to vote for the French! . . ." One has to struggle against childhood memories, attachments, instincts and contradictions.

The inhabitants are too scared by the patriotic gangsters to believe in the secrecy of the ballot box. One thing is clear: a great section of the Saar population will be for the status quo. How the Saar Germans must hate the kingdom of brown shirts to vote for two Latin words, for a state that does not even resemble a state, for Dutch infantry, for anything you please so as not to fall into the hands of the real-German hangmen!

Their Propaganda

AN ordinary German restaurant. Tables cluttered with beer steins. Thick cigar smoke fills the room. The inimitable heroes of Grosz who, towards the end of the evening, turn purple from the numerous beers they have consumed and from an overflow of patriotic sentiments, sit around the tables. A flag with a swastika decorates the door. There is no mistake. I came here purposely. I felt like being a guest of the Saar gangsters. Entering, I did not raise my hat and say "Heil Hitler." The patriots became interested in me. One came over and asked me severely:

"Are you a Frenchman?"

I answered, laughing condescendingly.

"No, of course not, I am a Spaniard."

The patriot was delighted. He began to laugh, sputtering at me with his beery breath.

"Ha ha! I like what you did to your Marxists. I am glad that you finished with Catalonia—those are all French tricks. . . ."

I wiped my face and agreed with him. The patriot began to complain: "These Frenchmen of the League of Nations have spoiled the workers." He has a hat factory and his workers asked for an increase of wages for Christmas. They threatened to strike, and now is just the busy time. . . . "But on the fourteenth of January we shall talk with these good-for-nothings differently. Near Hamburg there is a concentration camp all ready."

A taxi-driver, on the other hand, tells me:

"On Jan. 14 we shall know how to deal with the capitalists. Hitler is for a new system. Hitler is for the workers. He is against the capitalists."

I asked: "And Rechling? Is he against the capitalists, too?"

"Rechling we shall throw out as soon as we are victorious. Then we shall have real German Socialism."

The Nazis tell the worker:

"If you are a Communist, you should vote for Germany. Then your party will be stronger. And then, is it comradely — your comrades sit in jail in Germany and you want to hide yourself behind French backs?"

To the unemployed, they say:

"There is no longer any unemployment in Germany. You don't believe it? Here are statistics. You don't believe the figures? Very well, come with us to a workers' camp and we will show you. Here are fifty francs."

To the Catholics they say:

"We have destroyed Godless Communism. The Bishop of Trier calls upon you to vote for Germany."

To the Protestants they say:

"We are against the Catholics. We are for Luther. If Hitler is a Catholic, it is only an accident. In his heart he is a real Protestant."

To the young girls, they say:

"Look how handsome Adolph is. Here is a collection of picture cards: he is with his favorite dog, he is with a little girl, he is on the shore of a lake, he looks at the dawn, and lastly, he helps a peasant woman sow seeds. What a bearing he has! What eyes! He, too, loves beauty. . . ."

To the small storekeepers they say:

"We shall close the big department stores."

To the peasants they say:

"We shall close the border and will not permit pigs from Lorraine to be imported."

To the French they say:

"We shall buy your Lorraine pigs."

To the blondes they say:

"We don't like brunettes. You are real northern types."

To the idiots they say:

"Exercise is a much more noble occupation than reading."

To the sausage makers they say:

"National Germany adores national sausages."

They do their best to arouse jealousy, cruelty and greed. But more ardently they appeal to one's stupidity. Here they are at home. I have before me a heap of books. It is hard to realize that these are not the drunken ravings of a Storm Trooper in a saloon, but literature — magazines, books, albums, printed in the best shops, on excellent paper.

The magnificently bound book *Saar*. At first the author proves that all French are natural usurpers: they have always tried to conquer Germany. As for the Germans, they have always sat peacefully at home. Take for instance the Thirteenth Century — the French brazenly occupied Germany. As to what happened in the Twentieth Century—about that the author prudently keeps silent. The year 1918 follows the Thirteenth Century: The French in the Saar. The author deals with three French crimes: they sent German children to school free of charge; they once sent invitations to Germans to attend the premiere of a French sound film; and finally they opened up a book store where they openly sold the works of Bergson and the novels of Maurois. "The whole Saar adores the Fuehrer, except the immigrant, that is, the Marxists from the Communist Party and the Jews." This statement is illustrated by photographs of Marxists: a man with a criminal face and a little girl sticking out her tongue at him. Why do Marxists exist? Because the French, the very same French who were insulting the good Germans in the Thirteenth Century again want to conquer Germany. The terror of the French and Marxists reigns in the Saar: These cut-throats have forbidden the showing of the national German film, *The Black Hussar*. But you can't scare the patriots. The patriots are photographed in various poses, about fifty times. They are brave like the ancient Teutons. Heroically they raise their hands in salute, exhibiting the closely shaven napes of their necks.

Economic conditions of the workers of various countries are particularly well illustrated. The French sleep in the streets, stand in queues for a bowl of slop, organize Marxist demonstrations, burn automobiles and are killed by bullets in the filthy streets. The Germans, with spades, march sturdily, dig the ground, laugh, play with the children and parade before their much-beloved Fuehrer. The strength of France? A photograph of a Negro: "Comrade Senegalese." The photograph of a burlesque dancer: The Negro dances with a burlesque dancer. An inscription full of pathos: "In France the Negroes have equal rights with the whites. The Negroes are allowed to dance with white women. The white race is degenerating because of the mixture of bloods."

Saar was published in Germany. The Saar Governing Commission has prohibited its sale, but the book is sold everywhere.

The almanacs are designed for the consumption of the whole population. To lovers of poetry, one can recommend for instance the collections of poems *The Saar People Sing* or *The Song About Levy*. In the first of these books one can find the best works of the local poets: "Glory to Eternal Germany," "We March One-Two," "Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!" As to *The Song About Levy*, it was written by Dr. Swechten and according to him it is an imitation of Schiller's "Bell." The most pathetic lines in it are the following:

> However, in the cheap Jewish pants,
> There is eternal fear.

I don't want to insist that all the Nazi poets are just as epical as the creator of fear in the Jewish pants. There are also among them pure lyricists. I cite the following excerpt from a poem, "The Fuehrer Goes":

> We wait from hour to hour.
> Our ranks are solid.
> It is whispered from lip to lip:
> "Today we shall see the Fuehrer."
> He's coming. He will come to our city.
> We know it for certain.
> "Will he find a minute for me?"
> Asks the blonde.
> Perhaps he will find a minute,
> Then he will call me: one, two, three.

With this touching image, I shall finish my discussion of the Saar literature.

There is also an exhibition devoted to the Soviet Union. Photographs of girls. The girls laugh. Inscription: "Thus they are de-

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SUPERFINE POISON GAS-GUARANTEED DEADLY
SYNTHETIC BENZINE EXPENSIVE but German!
BALLOT BOX PATENTED BY DR. GOEBBLES
PRIME TOOLS FOR QUALITY WORKMEN
PJOTR

THE SAAR WAR HOUSE *from Simpl*

picted by the Bolsheviks." Alongside of this photograph, there is another group of photographs: corpses. Inscription: "This is the true fate of the Russian women—they have been raped and killed." Of course, if you look closely at the bodies, you will notice that they have beards, but why look too closely? True, one inquisitive reporter of the Volkstimme has proven that the bearded bodies are taken from a book describing the massacre of Armenians in Trebizond. But why be inquisitive?

The high point of the exhibition is obviously the "Decree issued by the Saratov Marxists." Some paragraphs of this decree, in spite of their familiar tone, deserve careful consideration.

According to paragraph 4: "All women are declared to be the property of the people." Paragraph 8 explains: "Every worker has a right to use any woman he feels like, three times a week, every three hours."

So, then, girls of the Saar, take your choice! If you vote for Germany, you will see the Chancellor. Perhaps he will even find a minute for you. Then you will meet a good and honest Storm Trooper like the popular movie hero, Hans Westmar. And although you have no dowry he will understand your Aryan soul and will say: "You are my bride. Heil Hitler!"

If you vote for the status quo, you shall be declared the property of the people, that is, the hybrids of the Mongol-Semitic type, and they shall annoy you three times a week. In a year you will lose not only your teeth, but also your hair. You will become an old woman. The G.P.U. will shoot you, and moreover, when you become a corpse you will grow a long beard.

I often think about the fate of Germany. I know and love this country. Months and years pass—what will the Nazis do to this country that was at one time justly proud of its culture? I fear that the first decree of the victorious German revolution will be a decree to fight illiteracy: Under the Nazi regime they have already forgotten how to think; they will also forget how to read.

I visited this miner towards the evening. It had been raining unceasingly for a long time. I was drenched. He read the note I brought him and said:

"Sit down. How is it in Saarbruecken?"

I told him all the news: The English had arrived. On Jan. 6 there would be a demonstration of the "Common Front." Last night the gangsters killed a comrade. The diplomats speak about a division of the Saar. The Nazis have brought over several hundred patriots from America.

He said: "So the little people are afraid."

I related an incident about a tailor in Saarbruecken. This tailor hung out a sign on his establishment: "Tailoring and Alterations for Men and Women. Ludwig Christopher Israel. I can prove my Aryan origin from the year 1600." The miner laughed, but suddenly became troubled:

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"The people are afraid. They will do anything out of fear."

I looked at him and saw eyes full of sorrow. I wanted to cheer him up, so I told him the story about old Kaas. Kaas had told me: "I shall leave everything, my house, my land, but I wouldn't live with them."

The miner replied:

"To run away is probably the easiest way out, but do you think I am like that tailor? Did Johann tell you anything about me? Well, tomorrow I am going to speak at a meeting. The miners know that I have been working here for thirty-two years. Then, I am not a Communist—I am non-partisan. It is better to die than to go with the Nazis."

Having said this, he became silent. I attempted to learn from him the attitude of the miners. He did not reply very willingly.

The early December dusk entered the room. Outside the rain was pouring. It was cozy in the little house. But the miner was sad and gloomy.

I knew that many of the miners had their own little houses with small truck gardens, and a cow or a goat. I asked him: "Is this your house?"

He sighed and answered, "Yes."

His wife entered. She was about fifty years old: a little skinny woman, with gray hair tightly combed back. She brought the coffee pot. We drank the coffee in silence. Somehow our conversation lagged. I asked him:

"What have you, a cow or a goat?"

He couldn't stand it any longer and began to talk rapidly.

"I had a goat. I sold it. Now I will tell you how it all happened. You can tell it to Johann, too—let him know. The devil take it.—I became a coward. I simply got scared. I got a desire to live. I am fifty-four years old. I have lived enough, yet I don't feel like dying. Just look what a man wouldn't do to live. I used to subscribe to AIZ. Mueller told me in October: 'Cancel it or we shall know how to deal with you on January 14.' . . . So I canceled the subscription.

"One day Scheller arrived. I stopped him. It was near the dentist's house. Mueller runs to the dentist about five times a day. They have their headquarters there. Of course, it was foolish to stop him—either you hide yourself or speak at all the meetings. I had a short talk with Scheller and the next day when I met Mueller in the store he said, 'Here is another traitor.' I decided that I was through. They will kill me. Don't laugh—do you think they find it hard to kill a person? Are they human beings? I didn't say anything to my wife. This happened on Wednesday, and on Friday I sold my goat. In the evening I said to my wife: 'Listen, I sold the goat. I have 320 francs. Tomorrow we shall go to Forbach. Here they will kill us. They say that the French let people in. Maybe I'll find some work. We shall live somehow.' Look at my wife.

"She's very quiet, but you should have seen how she jumped at me and began to shout: 'So you are going to leave your comrades? And who is going to vote against them if everybody is going to run away. You're a deserter. If you sold the goat, buy a rifle. When they come it will be your duty to shoot. I'm telling you right in front of her, if it wasn't for her I would have run away. She made me feel ashamed. Yes, you can say, 'Rot Front' to her."

The little old woman with her hair tightly drawn back, said:

"Only we can't go against them with empty hands. They train every morning. I saw myself. Mueller has many rifles in his stable. If they come to kill you, you've got to shoot at them. Don't listen to him. He only says: 'I'm afraid, I'm afraid.' And if he will not shoot, I will take the rifle myself. I can throw stones at them."

When I was leaving, the miner said: "Goodbye"—and after a short pause, added, "Comrade."

His wife took me to the door. In bidding me goodbye she raised her fist and exclaimed in a broken voice: "Rot Front."

Someone was standing opposite the house. It may have been Mueller. . . .

The rain continued to pour. I was both happy and dejected. Yes, we don't lie when we speak proudly of our people. How much human warmth, how much heroism is hidden in these tiny little houses in the miners' village. But it is horrible to think about the personal fate of each one of these people. They, too, were created for happiness. It was just as cold and dreary a day when I arrived at Vienna and saw a white flag over the ruined Karl Marx Hof. There, too, were good and heroic people.

I was thinking about the fate of the European workers, about my friends in Berlin and Madrid. About how horrible it had become to live among these ancient stones that at one time seemed to me the eternal pillars of humanism. I came to this land as a little boy. Now, I can no longer look upon it as an outsider. Every little house in the Saar village is my house. Here is the German border. On the other side you have neither English soldiers, ballot boxes, or shooting at night. There they don't ask anymore. They kill people peacefully. The boys in brown look with hatred and impatience at these little houses.

The headlights of the automobile illuminate the facade of a little house. Here, too, lives a miner. This is undoubtedly the last house on the German border. On the facade a hammer and sickle is painted: "Long live the Fatherland of all toilers." I stopped the automobile. I wanted to see the owner of the house, but I couldn't find him. I don't know whether he has a gun. I know, however, that he will sell his life dearly.

The battle may be lost. The war—never.

Aviators

Looking through the clear lens of sunlight
this wonderful struggle of hills and sky

is a flashing signal of rhapsodic fragments
in the storm of wings released and flying.

The flock of aerial birds cleaving the blue air, the
mechanical arrows with a twang of cut air

over the bright constellations of hotels and cinemas
and cables strung in the air like steel nerves

somersaulting the slightly visible bridges
over the groaning and snoring tugboats.

Silver zeppelins carrying war makers, the daredevil
stunt makers ballooning a mushroom canvas.

Most of all the air designs swifting cloudward
(someday to carry bombs and disaster).

Miles of clear blue billspace photographed
a platinum streak roaring through altitudes,

the slight framework of new steel
the "blue duraluminum" and the "chromo molibden."

And a windy fugue thundering the control strings

not for sport
but for murder.

WILLIAM PILLIN.

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Correspondence

"Man on a Road"

To The New Masses:

I have just finished reading Albert Maltz's story *Man on a Road* in the The New Masses. And I've got to immediately let you know, I'm so excited about it.

I've read The New Masses for a long time and much revolutionary literature, but never has there been an article that can even compare with this in emotional drive. Pardon the superlatives, but I've just blinked away the tears in my eyes, and loosened the lump in my throat, and unclenched my fists, and ceased muttering "Oh you bastards, you heartless, greedy bastards," after reading that poor miner's letter.

Honestly, the stark tragedy of the simple truths of that document, connected with the rest of the story, has a terrific propaganda punch. For the comrades who weary with the routine and exactitude of the movement I say: Let them read this story. You will soon be toeing the mark again with a will to go and do.

For the writers of revolutionary literature I say: Here! You are groping for expression in proletarian fiction. Grope no further. You now have a model, a guide in this vivid piece of earthiness—*Man on a Road.*

It is a pity the editors of The New Masses could not be financed to scour the country far and wide, and come back with a whole batch of stories like these. For can fiction ever hope to duplicate this heartbreaking tale?

Comrade Maltz! I gratefully salute you. My deepest appreciation for this story. May many more come from your pen. Leon Lapin.

(One of the "Karlsruhe Case" prisoners.)
Suffolk County Jail,
Boston, Mass.

Feminism and Facts

To The New Masses:

The article "Feminists and the Left Wing," by Grace Hutchins in The New Masses interested me greatly, as I was for many years a member of the National Woman's Party, and thoroughly accepted their point of view. The National Woman's Party has a fine record, and merits everyone's respect. They led a gallant, militant struggle, facing the usual forces of reaction, slander, opprobrium, misrepresentation, social ostracism, all kinds of indignities, finally arrests, police brutality, and prison terms. They won the vote, and have since kept up the struggle for equal rights for women. This is wholly to the good, for the age-long oppression and exploitation of women constitute one of the great injustices of human history.

Feminists, however, refuse to accept the fact that their right for freedom is but a part of the whole great struggle for human emancipation. Capitalism, especially now in its decadent stages when it is struggling to survive, will exploit and discriminate against minority and weaker groups, against women, against Negroes, Indians (an old story), the foreign-born, the Jewish people.

The National Woman's Party is not composed wholly of "upper and middle class women." They have also working class groups. I believe they are right in their contention that special legislation for women, under the guise of protection, turns out to be a discrimination against women. For laws which apply to women and not to men, and which regulate hours and working conditions, really close many occupations to women, and limit their opportunities. Protective legislation should apply to men and women alike. And I hope that in Soviet Russia those few occupations that are still closed to women will soon be open to them on the same terms as to men. The old argument of closing doors to women for the sake of protecting their health we have heard advanced against every single forward step for women. I hope it will end in Soviet Russia. The husky women I saw there last summer do not, I am sure, need special protection.

But why do feminists, and they always do, pick out this one tiny vulnerable spot in the whole magnificent scheme of things in Soviet Russia? Why do not all the feminists in the world rise up and shout with joy that at last a great victory has been won? That in a great country covering one-sixth of the earth the principle of equality of men and women has been definitely established? Why do they not extend cordial hands to Soviet Russia, and help in the task of spreading the truth about her?

I cannot tell. For myself, I experienced a great joy in reading Lenin's words, that "every cook should help to govern Russia"; and the famous edict, "Get the women out of the kitchen, fling out the pots and pans," etc.

Women the world over should acknowledge the magnificent leadership of the U.S.S.R. in calling to women, large numbers of whom were ignorant peasants, many of whom were still wearing veils, to come forward and take their part in building the life of the country. And how splendidly the women are responding!

It somehow seems a long way from the National Woman's Party.

Philadelphia, Pa. Anne M. Pennypacker.

In the Kuomintang Prisons

To The New Masses:

The white terror raging in the Far East is threatening to claim eight more victims. Yu Chi Chuan, Chinese anti-imperialist leader, and seven others held with him in Nanking are faced with the danger of execution by the Kuomintang police. The eight were arrested on April 26 and turned over to the Kuomintang hangmen by the English Settlement police.

The eight anti-imperialists were arrested for their participation in the anti-Japanese boycott and for having been active in the movement for armed self defense against the invasion of Japanese imperialism.

Another group of Chinese anti-imperialist leaders is being held in the prison of the International Settlement in Shanghai. These prisoners are subjected to the most brutal treatment by their jailers. One of them, Pen Chen-Sen, died early in November from the suffering and torture he was forced to undergo in prison. His funeral on Nov. 12 was made a gigantic demonstration against international imperialism and the Kuomintang.

These are but two examples of the joint terror campaign of the Kuomintang and the imperialists against the liberation movement, to crush which Chiang Kai-Shek and his imperialist supporters are striking out against every progressive element in Chinese society. American imperialism is one of the most active supporters of this terror.

A committee for the defense of the two groups of prisoners has been formed in China. Help, however, is urgently needed from the outside if the conditions of the prisoners are to be improved and the eight held in Nanking saved from the executioner's block. We should like to urge your readers to protest the threatened execution of Yu Chi Chuan and his companions and the imprisonment and torture of the anti-imperialists in the jail of International Settlement. Protests should be addressed to Chiang Kai-Shek, Nanking, China and to Dr. Alfred Sze, Chinese Embassy, Washington, D. C.

The International Labor Defense is launching a broad campaign against the terror in the Far East and in support of the International Delegation being organized by the International Red Aid, parent body of the I.L.D., to investigate conditions in China and report back its findings. The readers of The New Masses can help greatly in the fight against the brutal reign of terror in the Far East by supporting this campaign. Lucile Perry,

Colonial Department,
International Labor Defense.

The Farmer as Proletarian

To The New Masses:

John Latham's admirable word-pictures of the Middle Western farm problem in American capitalism have not so far included a portrait of our tremendous agricultural proletariat—the workers in lettuce and pea fields of California, in the orange and grapefruit groves and truck gardens of Florida, the peach groves, asparagus and cabbage fields of South New Jersey and the Eastern Shore of Maryland, etc.

Readers of The New Masses should know that the New York Committee to Aid Agricultural Workers has been formed to aid those sections of the farm proletariat in the region of New York City. Some of the aims of the organization (which includes such prominent persons as Margaret Lamont, Justine Wise Tulin, John Haynes Holmes, Heywood Broun, Donald Henderson) are:

1. To fight for the civil liberties of agricultural workers.
2. To support financially these workers in their struggles for better working conditions and wages.
3. To publicize the struggles of the farm proletariat among city intellectuals and industrial workers.

A plan for a broad nation-wide organization of agricultural workers, and an attempt to create a feeling of solidarity between unions of farm workers affiliated with the T.U.U.L., the A.F. of L., and independent unions, were features of The National Conference of Agricultural, Lumber and Rural Workers, held at Washington, January 8 and 9. Okey O'Dell, leader of the bitter strike of Ohio onion-field workers; Bill O'Donnell, Seabrook and hunger striker, were among the speakers at the Conference.

The first report of this Conference is to be given in New York City at Union Methodist Church, 229 West 48th Street, 8 P. M. January 18. Bill O'Donnell and Donald Henderson will be among the speakers. Local readers of The New Masses are urged to join the Committee to Aid Agricultural Workers, and to come to the meeting.

Ruth Jenks, Secretary.
Room 534, 156 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

A Correction

To The New Masses:

I would like to correct an error in my article in The New Masses for January 4, which somehow escaped me in reading proof.

The quotation from the Washington Post, in the article about the exclusion of Crawford's "Confession" reads:

"It had been generally admitted that if the prosecution had been unsuccessful in introducing the Boston confession *the case against Crawford would not have collapsed.*" It should of course be *"would have collapsed,"* the point being that there was so little evidence against Crawford, that without the confession he could not have been convicted. The judge practically stated this in admitting it in evidence and also said that while he believed the confession to be admissable, if he were wrong about it, his error could be corrected on appeal. As New Masses readers know, the opportunity to test the question by an appeal was not taken by Crawford's lawyers.

Martha Gruening.

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Back of the Yards

JANE BENTON

Sketches by John Arrow

CHICAGO.

BACK of the stock yards it's not like the East Side of New York, where life is hotly fermenting all around you and there's clang and yelling and street drama, with an audience bulging on the fire-escapes. Bleak, windswept, with the air of a besieged camp, the home of Chicago's stock-yards workers is like a big storage-house where human strength is used up and then thrown aside to grow dusty and decay. It's dismal, like a battered factory running at low capacity.

More real about Steve and Augusta and the kids than anything else was their hidden rage against this way of living. It drummed at the back of their heads, and dulled their eyes.

Steve's last job was on the relief cattle. He worked on the beef killing floor. Some of the drouth-stricken cattle came in so weak they couldn't walk up the boards to be killed. It took a whole gang of about thirty men to rope the steer and draw it over. After they dragged it in they knocked it and hoisted it up and stuck it to the heart so it could bleed, and started skinning. The government inspectors didn't pay strict attention to stopping the meat with boils and bad parts from going through. When it got by the doctors it was moved on to get washed and then went to the cooler.

The steer comes to a bruise-cutter split, who has to take care of both sides. Steve slashed 240 pieces an hour. "If you don't want to work, go home. . . . Keep 'em rolling, keep 'em rolling." The best of that government meat was nothing but a pack of bones. So thin you could see through it. Sometimes it got by with boils, rickets, or T.B. When beef has boils you can tell because the meat has a bruised look from the outside and the boil is on the inside of the

meat. Steve saw it after it had already passed the doctors and there was no way of stopping corrupted meat unless he or some other worker halted the chain. That never happens because the foreman gets sore, and he was hot on Steve already. One of those dollar-a-week-extra "intelligence men" must have warned him that Steve was grumbling about the discolored meat that got by. But suppose Steve or Augusta ever had to eat any of that? Augusta. Blond hair and bleak loveliness like the clouds over the yards. But better not to think about such things while on the job. It don't mix. "Roll 'em along, roll 'em along."

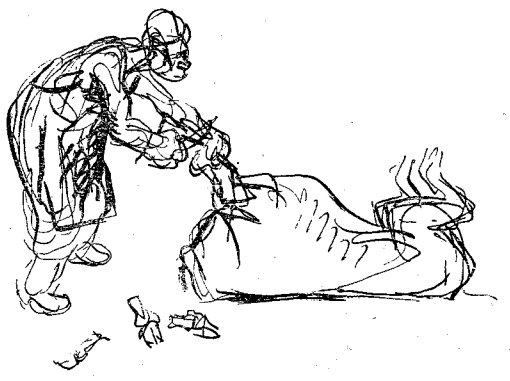
All the hides and things that came off the government meat were hammered with the initials F. R. before they went to the hide cellar. The boys said it must mean Roosevelt.

It was the beneficent F.E.R.A. meat. Seven million boney, starved cattle that had leaned up against stripped trees and broken fences in the drought area of the Dakotas, bellowing to the rainless sky. Seven million—the last hope of the impoverished farmers abandoned to government purchasing agents at shrewd prices and shipped to the big packers to process. The packers were getting five cents a can and the valuable by-products. The farmers and stockyard workers were learning that one man's profit is another man's poison.

"Let 'em roll. . . . Let's go back. . . . Catch the sawman. If you can't put out anything better than this, go home." The company quit paying the bonus, but kept the high standard of speed. You work fast for fifty-three hours a week on this government order and it makes you do crazy things. One guy swung his tractor into a girl canner and split her back. Another guy busted his arm because the floor was bad and he gave the tractor a sudden twist and it shot forward and jammed him. Girls slash each other racing for piecework. The man who controls the un-manned elevators that are used to save time and space can't always hear the bell or see. Loads drop. Several men dropped five floors. A fellow named John Grill fell into a vat of boiling water. And one guy who was working on government pork in the smoke-room had a trolley-tree crash on him and jam a steel rod through his foot. "C'mon, keep movin'. If you don't like this job, there's plenty of men outside."

In the incubating rooms bad cans popped like firecrackers. Five million cans of relief meat turned out in the state of Illinois since September, ready for the relief lines. Starved meat for discarded workers. A whole country beginning to rot. Augusta said it was all God's will and nothing could be done about it till people's hearts got purified by a great catastrophe. But Steve didn't have time to think about it much. When you work fast your mind is tight, like a string ready to snap. You don't think much.

Working at top speed, Steve didn't have time to keep the blood washed off his hands and the damn stuff made his hands slippery. He felt a sudden sting. At first he thought



he'd just touched his hand with the knife, but then he saw a small piece of his finger hanging loose. The bandaged hand didn't prevent his working the next few days but he did get an infection. Then he got kidney trouble, like most of the men on the floor. Every now and then there'd be that stabbing pain in the back, but he kept on working, because you don't get insurance the first week—and Augusta had back bills to pay. It was around the time the community fund came with application cards with your name and pledge numbers on them, and the company wanted to know what you were going to give to the needy. You knew darn well if you didn't sign it the card would go back to the office like that, so Steve pledged

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twenty-five cents a week. Two weeks later Steve and Augusta were on the relief themselves.

To be on relief is like starting down a chute. You get down deeper and deeper until you can't get out. It gripes you like a cramp to stay home and not work when you're used to being at the yards. You sit by the stove like an old chair. The damn clock is ticking inside your head. Wind blows through the grimy walls that look as if they've got cattle itch, and through your bones. The kids come in crying because the charity station's given them white beach-shoes to wear to school in winter and dresses that make them look like dwarfs.

Millions of families, now, like Steve's. Sitting at home there's more time to think. To read in old newspapers about the boss' trip to Florida and the government's charity to bankers. Waiting long hours in relief stations you talk with your neighbors. You notice how the city is arraying itself for battle. Towering Lake Shore Drive and the snobbish North Shore. Smug, middle-class Oak Park, Rogers Park and Hyde Park. And to the West, Halsted, Little Italy, Division Street, the Black Belt, the tenements of the Maxwell Street Ghetto and the crumbling shacks Back o' the Yards. Still the old warnings against Communism, the old patriotic sentiment, the threadbare promises of prosperity keep pouring in upon your ears.

"Happy days are here again." A barrage of words. Old habits of thought persist . . . repeating old problems, like a victrola record that gets stuck.

Steve wished to hell he could get back some of that sickness-insurance money he'd been paying to the company for fifteen years. After all those years he had never even gotten the one-week vacation with pay that you're supposed to get after you work five years. It was because every few years Steve'd get laid off for over sixty days and get stricken off the rolls of the company.

At night he burst out of the house and tramped the streets. His discontent was growing. On Ashland he watched the people and cars move along in grim haste like beef on a chain. Not real people. Skeletons and hides of people. With that expression you get from doing one set thing over and over for years. Whether it's drinking or praying. Or gambling or working. It all comes along the way the boss says. The belt moves along, and if you're a man you stand it. Just so much and no more.

One night Steve came home and found the oil lamps lit and the neighbors in. Augusta

and the kids were sick from tainted relief meat. "Contents 1 lb. 8 oz. roast beef parboiled and steam roasted. Not to be sold. Distributed by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration." His own company's meat. Elsie Smith's dog had already died from eating some of this beef. In Toledo, the papers said, children were sick from it. In New Jersey the scandal about it was being hushed.

"You damn fools! I told you not to eat any of it. I told you it was poison. Bad enough to get worked to death embalming the stuff and then get laid off, without coming home and finding my own family sick from it!"

Steve couldn't kick in the door of the relief joint or burn down the packing house alone, so he went back to 43rd and Ashland for helpers.

It was a firm, friendly hand that stopped him.

"C'mon, keep your shirt on, Steve."

"We know you're sore as hell. Yeah, and we don't blame you."

"We workers at the yards get this kind of dirty deal every day, and then all of a sudden when it strikes home. . . ."

"A man'll fight back," said Steve.

"Sure. That's the way we all feel."

These union fellows seemed like pretty decent guys, after all. They walked Steve home and left him with the address where to come to next night's meeting.

The union hall was full of men. Workers. Even the man at the front table. Steve knew him. He used to be a washer, right alongside of Steve. Up front a bunch of men were standing with caps in their hands. Some kind of committee.

"Well, we got Jackson his job."

Jackson? Steve knew Jackson, too. The Negro hide-dropper who got laid off for slow work.

"He went to the company rep and the rep didn't help him. So then a bunch of us from the floor went with him to the general superintendent and he says to us, 'Jackson was laid off because he was slow.' We says, 'Oh, yeah? Eight years ago you didn't think he was so slow. How did he get slow? Workin' for the company, he got used up. That's how he got slow.' After an hour's talk he says to Jackson, 'All right! Come on back, there's a night watchman job for you'."

A bunch of men helping a guy get back employment like that—it was new to Steve. And yet it was like something he'd been thinking about at the back of his head for a long time. A trade union. A union of workers who had the guts to get together and do something about their grievances.

"All right! Next!"

Another bunch of fellows stepped up. This time it was about a guy who was refused his ten bucks a week compensation after he got pneumonia working in the cooler. He had paid thirty-five cents a week sickness insurance to the company for six years. But then he was laid off ten weeks and his name was taken off the rolls.

"We can't do much about this. Some day when we get more of the workers organized we'll be able to handle all these cases."

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Two Thousand Dying on a Job

BERNARD ALLEN

THE story back of Albert Maltz's description of the tortured shell of a man he picked up on the Gauley road in West Virginia which was published in the issue of THE NEW MASSES, for January 8, is the story of a major industrial tragedy involving 2,000 men. Two thousand workmen, according to the estimated figures of the contractors, were employed for over a period of two years in drilling a three and three-quarter mile tunnel under a mountain from Gauley's Junction to Hawk's Nest in Fayette County, West Viriginia. The rock through which these men bored was sandstone of a high silica content (in tunnel number one it ran from 97 percent pure silica to as high as 99.4 percent) and the contracting company neglected to provide any safety devices.

Almost as soon as the tunnel was started, men began dying. They were robust, hard-muscled men. Many of them had lived all their lives near Gauley where the rock cropping out on the roads is sandstone, largely made up of silica. Yet they were unaware of the risk they ran in blasting into the rock without the safeguard of masks and wet drills. With every breath they were inhaling a massive dose of microscopic silica dust.

Silica dust is deadly in large doses. Proof of this is that every man who worked in the tunnel any length of time and who had been examined recently by a doctor was found to have developed a lung disease that cannot be stopped once it has started. Finally these men must strangle to death from silicosis.

For several reasons it is impossible to tabulate the total number of men who have died:

Before it was generally known just what disease was killing the men, the company doctors diagnosed the cause of numerous deaths as pneumonia (to which silicosis-infected lungs are highly susceptible because of a greatly lessened power of resistance).

An undertaker who handled many of the burials said his records had been "destroyed."

And finally, after law suits were started and everyone knew that it was rock dust which was actually killing the men, the tunnel laborers left their jobs and scattered over the country looking for other work. Exactly how many of them have died elsewhere since, it would be a vast job to determine. The known medical fact, which points out their fate clearly, is that silicosis, once it has taken hold of a victim, is incurable and that death by strangling is only a matter of time.

The tunnel is part of a billion-dollar water-power project begun in 1929 by the New-Kanawha Power Company. This company was formed ostensibly to develop public water rights for public sale. In reality, however, the company was formed to sell all the power manufactured to a single corporation. Proof of this is that in 1933 the Electro-Metallurgical Company (a subsidiary of the Union Carbide & Carbon Company, one of the largest holding companies in America) was allowed to buy up the New-Kanawha Power Company, lock, stock and barrel. You will find it in the *Acts of the Legislature of West Virginia, 1933, Regular Session,* on page 296. An outright steal of the public water rights made lawful by an act of the West Virginia Legislature!

Jack Pitckett, Albert Maltz's "Man on the Road," commented when writing to his wife about his "death sickness":

> Hit comes frum the time the mine was shut down and i worked in the tunel nere Gauley Bridge where the govinment is turnin the river inside the mounten.

More literate men than he are confused by the fact the state "govinment" and big corporations work so neatly hand in hand.

Jack Pitckett is only one of hundreds of men who are still dying like flies in the vicinity of Gauley Bridge. Men who "ginerally follow the mines" for a trade, but who found steadier work drilling in the tunnel.

Out of the 2,000 men employed over a period of nearly three years, many hundreds of men have been examined by private doctors and were found to have the disease. Men were succumbing to it a year—two, three—after they had quit work; and there seems little doubt that few of the 2,000 men will escape it.

No one, it seemed, knew the danger of the dusty tunnel until the first of the $6,000,000 worth of lawsuits were filed by victims or victims' widows against the Rinehart & Dennis Company of Charlottesville, Virginia, the contractors, and against the New-Kanawha Power Company who allotted to them the task of drilling the tunnel. All of the suits, some two hundred of which are still pending, charged that men were either dead or dying because they had worked in the tunnel.

The first suits, tried in the spring of 1933 were settled out of court after a disagreement. The lawyers representing 300 men, compromised upon payment of a total sum of $130,000. As the lawyers had undertaken to try the cases upon a 50 percent contingent basis, they pocketed one-half of the total after paying court costs of $1,000. This left a very small sum to be divided among a large number of men.

But not all of the 300 men who were made to sign releases of their claims for damages against the defendant corporations before settlement was made, shared in the division of the money. The reason being (so this reporter was told) in the hasty diagnosis of a special commission of three doctors, appointed to examine the men. According to the findings of the doctors, the lungs of only one-half of the 300 men were affected definitely with silicosis. Now, however, later development of symptoms followed in many of the supposedly "well cases," and in the summer of 1934 these men petitioned the court for leave to sue again.

The trial uncovered the following facts concerning working conditions in the tunnel:

The dust was so thick in the tunnel that the atmosphere resembled a patch of dense fog. It was estimated on the witness stand in the little court room at Fayetteville where the suits against the builders of the tunnel were tried, that workmen in the tunnel could see only ten to fifteen feet ahead of them at times. Man after man—drillers, drill helpers, nippers, muckers, dinkey runners and members of the surveying crew who were the plaintiff's witnesses—told of this dusty condition. They said that although the tunnel was thoroughly lighted, the dinkey engine ran into cars on the track because the brakeman and dinkey runner could not see them. Laird King drove his dinkey into the little one and wrecked it, and Otis Edna, his brakeman, jumped off the front end just in time to save his life. Nippers who took charge of the steel bits could not see the signs given by the drillers when they needed "steel" and the signals had to be relayed. Dust got in the men's hair, on their face, in their eyebrows; their clothing was thick with it. Raymond Johnson described how men blew dust off themselves with compressed air in the tunnel; if they did not, they came out of the tunnel white, he said. One worker told how dust settled on top of the drinking water, "so I took milk in the tunnel with me and drank it instead."

What caused this dusty condition? The use of dry drills, the workmen said. J. J. Huffman told the court that he asked the foreman if a little water couldn't be used in the hole when the bit became "hung up" and that the foreman's reply was, "Hell, no!" Milledge Venson said that the foreman stopped the dry drilling while the mine safety inspector was in the tunnel.

And Sam Butner testified that he was stationed at the scaling tower which was several hundred (600) feet from the heading, and directed to hurry information to the heading foreman of the approach of the mine inspector, so that the dry drilling could be stopped before the inspector got there. Not only Sam, but Laird King and others told how they had acted as lookouts and warned the foreman when they saw the inspector coming.

Rinehart & Dennis, builders of the tunnel, tried in vain to disprove that the workmen were forced to drill "dry" holes . . . Albert

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Young, a Negro worker, originally testified for the contractors saying that there was no dust and that drills were operated by water. But later he appeared in court as a plaintiff's witness (witness for a man who was suing) and changed his story. There was "considerable dust" in the tunnel and that drills were operated when dry, he said; he had been "praying" since he gave the first testimony and now wished to tell the truth. Before he told his story the first time, he said, he was promised a job and pay by an official of the contracting company if he would testify for the company and "threatened with the penitentiary" if he did not.

Another witness for the contractors was Robert M. Lambie, former chief of the state mines department, who said that the tunnel was practically dust-free when he made inspections in 1930 and 1931. He told the jury that the men were easily distinguishable from 500 to 700 feet away, and that drills were operated with water.

Why did he say this now when in 1931 he had written letters to the contracting company instructing them to remedy the dusty conditions in the tunnel, the plaintiff's lawyer asked him? Lambie said he had been "misinformed" by his inspectors concerning conditions in the tunnel in 1931. He admitted that he had recommended the use of masks (respirators) at the time. But he said later he withdrew this recommendation after a conference with the contractors when he decided that masks were not necessary.

Throughout the court trials the witnesses for the contractors gave the flimsiest testimony. O. M. Jones, chief engineer of the New Kanawha Power Company, "never saw dust, or at least enough to say it was dusty." He saw fog and mist in the tunnel: but "the air was as clear as it was in the court room, except on foggy days."

Under cross-examination O. M. Jones admitted that he had received a letter from Lambie, mine safety inspector, on May 18, 1931, saying that the heavy concentration of silica dust in the tunnel was highly dangerous and ordering the workers to use respirators.

The contractors tried to show in court that they had not been negligent in making arrangements to care for the safety of men on a construction job of this sort. Engineers from other contracting companies were called to testify that their companies made a practice of drilling "dry"; that respirators were not necessary. But regardless of the legal facts, many hundreds of these West Virginia miners are paying for their jobs with their lives.

"Yes, sir, it came out in court that the company doctors were not allowed to tell the men what their trouble was," Harless Gibson of Gauley Bridge told those of us who had gone up there to find out about the silicosis tragedy. "One of them, Doctor Mitchell, who lives in Mount Hope, testified for the men who sued the company. He said he told them they had tunnelitis."

It was Mrs. Jones who first discovered what was killing the tunnel workers.

Mrs. Jones had three sons — Shirley, 17 years old, Owen, 21, and Cecil, 23 — who worked in the tunnel with their father. Before they went into the tunnel, Mr. Jones and Cecil and Owen worked in a coal mine. But it was not steady work because the mines were not going much of the time. Then one of the foremen of the New-Kanawha Power Company learned that the Joneses made homebrew, and formed a habit of dropping in of an evening to drink it. It was he who persuaded the boys and their father to give up their jobs in the coal mine and take on this other work which would pay them better. Shirley, the youngest son and his mother's favorite, went into the tunnel, too.

Mrs. Jones began to be suspicious when she saw the amount of sediment that was left on the bottom of the tub after she had washed their clothes. She asked the foreman about the dust and he said that it was just ordinary dust and would not hurt anybody. Then one day Shirley came home and complained, "Ma, I'm awfully short-winded." She said to him, "Well, if you feel no better, you'll not work no more." This took place in September of 1931 and he died in June, 1932.

She tried to get Dr. Harless, private physician at Gauley's Bridge, interested in the youngest boy's condition right at the start. Harless was the only doctor in their neighborhood whom she had confidence in. He had been the company doctor when her husband worked in a Kopper's mine, but now he would not examine Shirley because he did not know where his money was coming from, she said. She told Dr. Harless that if he would work to get compensation for Shirley, she would give him half of it; but "even then he would not do anything." So Mrs. Jones had to go out on the road and beg the money for an X-ray. As soon as she had enough, Harless took the money and had the boy's lungs X-rayed and became interested in the case. Three weeks after the X-ray Shirley died. She told us the boy's last wish. He said, "Mother, after I'm dead, have them open me up and see if I didn't die from the job. If I did, take the compensation money and buy yourself a little home." Within thirteen months of Shirley's death, Cecil and Owen died.

Shirley Jones' was the first of the long line of suits to be filed. When suit was instituted in the Circuit Court in Fayette County, the defendant corporations demurred that as subscribers to the State Compensation Fund they could not be held liable. On appeal the Supreme Court ruled that silicosis was not compensable from the state compensation fund and that Mrs. Jones was entitled to sue. The ruling of course applied to all other victims or their kin.

When the reporter went up to Gauley Bridge to investigate the tunnel tragedy, Harless Gibson said, "You can't say anything too bad about the whole situation of the tunnel work. People wouldn't believe it. Living conditions of the men were as bad as the conditions of their work."

In a second article next week the story of living conditions in the construction camps will be told.—THE EDITORS.

White Guards of the World

HAROLD WARD

TO THE White Guards — Russians and others—belongs the criminal responsibility of supervising, developing and continuing the wreckers' campaign against the Soviet Union and what it stands for. They know their job—so well, in fact, that they carry into their furtive activities all the mistrust, antagonisms and contradictions which characterize the doomed world they are in practice fighting to preserve, and which—as P. M. Bykov ironically pointed out in his book *The Last Days of Tsar Nicholas*—continually frustrated numerous excellent opportunities to rescue the last of the Romanoffs and his family.

The Daily Worker's recent front-page exposé of fascist White Guard activities in this country and the Soviet Union—coming as it did on the heels of the Kirov assassination and the disgraceful Cooper Union demonstration in New York City—establishes firmly enough the connection between outright reaction and all the "helpless satellites of the social-chauvinists": among whom, it is well to remember, Lenin *explicitly* included Leon Trotsky as far back as 1915, bracketing him with the German renegade, Karl Kautsky. Here I should like to review some of the facts relating to White Guard maneuvers throughout the world, in order to show against what enemies, and with what unceasing vigilance, the revolutionary forces must struggle.

Behind the American White Guard paper, The Fascist, is the fantastic émigré figure of "Count" Anastase Andrevitch Vonsiatskey-Vonsiatsky ("V-V'sky" to his admirers). And behind this fanatical marionette are the millions of his wife, the former Marion B. Ream. In July of this year The New York Post ran a

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story from Thompson, Conn., revealing, among other things:

That Vonsiatsky was conducting an energetic anti-Soviet campaign in the United States, accompanied by numerous clandestine conferences with White Russian elements in Berlin, Tokio, Kobe, Yokohama and Harbin in Manchuria. As a result, Vonsiatsky was reported to have been made the "Fuehrer" of the movement.

That Vonsiatsky, while on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the swastika, conferred with Alfred Rosenberg, who saw to it that the "Count" was given all assistance, even to the point of being permitted to hold a special demonstration.

That "General Staff" headquarters are established on the Vonsiatsky estate, including three former Czarist officers and numerous servants, all under semi-military discipline. Five automobiles are maintained, thus ensuring prompt delivery of The Fascist from the New York City shop, where it was then printed to the mailing address at Putnam, Conn.—from which place it continues to be issued.

That, in addition to continuous correspondence with sections of the movement throughout Europe and the Far East, close contact is maintained with the former Russian Grand Duke Cyril—who, from his French retreat, persistently lays claim to the Imperial throne of Russia.

That Vonsiatsky also shares much of the expense for the publication of a weekly journal, Rossiya, at that time printed, like The Fascist, at 480 Canal Street, New York. The editor of Rossiya is N. P. Rybakoff, who has openly admitted the aid lent to the Russian Whites by his master—whom he believes to be a "saint."

That, when "Putzy" Hanfstaengl found West Point not sufficiently hospitable to him, he was richly consoled by a tea given in his honor by the Prince and Princess Simon Eristoff, at their country home on the Hudson.

And so on and so forth. Today, according to a later news despatch, "V-V'sky" is acknowledged leader of 20,000 White Russians, all of whom are unremitting in their efforts to undermine and discredit the Soviet Union from every vantage point they can obtain—from Harbin to Paraguay and from Yokohama to Paris, Berlin, London and New York. The most recent political canard of this battalion of hate is that King Alexander of Yugoslavia was killed by assassins in the pay of the Soviets, in order to ensure the ratification of the proposed Franco-Soviet treaties.

A recent interview with Vonsiatsky, arranged by C. P. Howe, of the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram, was discussed by Harry Gannes in The Daily Worker. From this we learn that the "Count's" consuming hatred of the Soviet Union was appropriately nourished by service as an officer in Baron von Wrangel's White Guard army, the savagery of which during the Civil Wars, nauseated even the English forces. Surrounded by machine-guns, rifles, hand grenades, in his specially-built arsenal, Vonsiatsky appeared to see no contradiction whatever in his joy over the killing of Kirov, his passionate hope for the intervention of foreign enemies to speed the destruction of the Soviet Union—and his consistently approving remarks about Leon Trotsky. As to his actual plans for the future, Vonsiatsky maintained a discreet silence, but the nature of these plans is clear enough from the following statements. They are quoted verbatim from The Fascist (which recently published an obituary notice mourning the death of "Lance-corporal Nikolai Mikoleivitch Mosyagin"—executed by the Soviet government as one of the counter-revolutionary plotters):

"Arrange the assassination of military instructors, military correspondents, political commanders, as well as the most stalwart Communists. . . . Assassinate, first of all, the Party secretaries, the true dogs of the power of the Commissars."

"Cause confusion. Not only do not carry out, but sabotage all orders of the red authorities. . . . Hamper communication of the red power. Hack down telegraph poles, smash the porcelain insulators, cut wire, interrupt and destroy all telephone communication."

"Remember firmly, people: Do not allow any export of the people's goods. Seize whatever you can and distribute it. Whatever you cannot seize, destroy. If this is impossible, then damage in every way the goods which are being exported. For each commodity adopt that method of damage which is best suited to it. Into the food products add all sorts of rubbish and garbage. Put in dead rats, throw in lice, cockroaches and bedbugs. Let the foreigner taste our Soviet [!] spice. Make the firm decision: We have been wrecking, we still wreck, and in the future we shall continue wrecking."

That is clear enough, and suggests, as a proper coat of arms for fascism, White Guard, Brown or Black Shirt and other: a gibbet carrying the mangled body of Civilization, surmounted by a vulture, with two jackals (Terror and War) rampant at the foot, and within a blood-stained scroll above the terse legend, "On Guard!"

Turn now to some of the activities of the Russian reactionaries abroad:

In Henri Barbusse's revolutionary journal Monde, Boris Levovitch wrote an article on "The Third Russia" from which I have space to extract only a few of the highlights. The increasing discontent and bitterness of the émigrés has found expression in the development of various reactionary groups whose programs range all the way from the monarchist aims of "The Union of Young Russians" to one or another variant of Hitlerism in the "Russian Fascist Party," the "Russian National-Socialist Movement" and the many-sided, evasive organization known as the "Rond."

In the program of the first-named group ("Union of Young Russians") occurs a statement, published in the official Annals, calling for "Soviets freely elected, which must ensure a constant bond between the supreme power and the people." The similarity between this pseudo-democratic aim and the crafty slogan of the Menshevik-inspired Kronstadt rebellion, "Soviet without Communism" is very striking. As for the "economic program" of this group—which has a reputation for strength and discipline not to be underestimated—Mr. Levovitch shows its resemblance with "the economic principles espoused by Major Douglas in England"—and the Utopians in the United States. Further proof of the basically capitalist (and fascist) motivation of this, and its fellow-organizations everywhere, is the statement, published in the official organ "The Russian Star": "The justification for property resides in instinct."

This group, the Young Russians, enjoys the closest contact with the National Socialist leaders of Germany, as also with the fascist organizations in France, Japan and Czechoslovakia. Duplicates of the "Leningrad Center" (under the name "yatcheika"—cells) are functioning wherever groups of White Russion émigrés are to be found, and there is a very active supporting press. Thus, in addition to Young Russia (principal theoretical organ) and The Russian Star, both issued in Paris, we have: The New Word, from Sofia; The New Road, from Shanghai; The Russian Journal, from Sao Paulo, Brazil; while from Prague come two sheets, one addressed to Cossacks, the Assault Signal ("Cloche d'Assaut"), and the other, Russian People, for general propaganda.

It is known that the Russian Fascist Party conducts (in alliance with Vonsiatsky) extensive and strenuous propaganda in Manchuria and the Far East—with especial attention to the incitement of hatred of Soviet Russia among the Japanese.

A recent issue of The Manchurian Month reported an address given at the Dairen Russian Club by C. V. Rodsaevsky, general secretary of the Russian Fascist Party. The closest alliance with Japan was urged, and systematic anti-Soviet propaganda is being carried on from Harbin, world-center for the All-Russia Fascist Party—of which Vonsiatsky is the American representative.

With the "Rond" are associated such reactionaries and German Baltic adventurers as Pelchau (Svitosaroff), Sandmann (Muratoff), Mlle. Runge, Meller-Zakomelsky, and the former Senator Belgard: all united in at least one point, hatred of the Soviet Union and Communism. At Belgrade is the "National League of the New Generation," which publishes the paper Za Rossia (for Russia) in a recent issue of which occurred the statement, "We must do away with Kirov in Leningrad"; in Czechoslovakia Hitler's agent Konrad Henlein conducts fascist agitation which attracts White Russians as dung attracts flies; and in far-off South America—notably in Brazil and Paraguay—the White Guards are unceasingly at work, directing armies in peace or at war, holding "secret" conclaves, collecting funds, adherents, arms, publishing journals, leaflets, programs—destructive among themselves, infecting all they touch with the necrosis which will eventually destroy them and their world.

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A Man and a Woman

(Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, Killed Jan. 15, 1919)

ERNST TOLLER

FULL CHOIR:
When the swinging hammers rest
And the sweeping scythes,
When the evening falls
On the ripening fields
And the flags, the red assailing flags
Float in a quiet wind
In the stony canyons of the city streets,
Then we think of them
The fighters of the Revolution fallen unknown.

CHRONICLER:
In the years
Nineteen hundred and fourteen to nineteen hundred and eighteen
Trampled the fields of Europe—
War.
Where once the peasant
Drove the ploughshare
Where once his hand
Strewed seed for corn
The Generals sowed
Bombs
Grenades
Hate.
And the harvest ripened
And the harvest was gathered in
And the barns were filled
With ten million
Cripples
Towns laid waste
Shattered villages
Hunger
Misery
Despair
Death.

CHRONICLER:
Then there arose
A man
Alone

CHOIR:
Karl Liebknecht!

CHRONICLER:
And with a clear voice
Audible to all
He cried

FULL CHOIR:
War on the war!

CHRONICLER:
First was a silence
More terrible
Than drums at the front.
And all men
Lay waiting
Then
Came no answer.
The voice was still.
And the tyrants' bullies
Buried the voice
In the stone grave
Of prison.

CHOIR OF WOMEN:
One man's voice
Drives
Like the falling leaf
In the storm of September.
It cries and is lost.

CHOIR OF MEN:
One man's voice
Is mightier
Than Heaven's thunder
And the Earth's.
Time's rust
Shall not corrode it
Nor the dissolution
Of Death.
A thousand years
Shall re-echo it.

FULL CHOIR:
For the voice of truth
Is invincible.

CHOIR OF MEN:
And the voice
Woke
The sleepers of Germany.

CHRONICLER:
In the grey streets
Of the city Berlin
There fought
From Wedding to Friedrichshaven
Neukölln to Lichtenberg
Old hardened men
And youths, boys almost
Fought there.

FULL CHOIR:
For a Germany
Of working hands
For a Germany
Of justice.

CHRONICLER:
Ever
Stood with them
A man.

CHOIR OF MEN:
Karl Liebknecht.

CHRONICLER:
He shared
The burden of time
The bread of poverty
The salt of persecution
And their faith.

CHOIR (alternately):
Kill him!
Shrieked
The profiteers, the traitors of the people
Kill him!
Cracked the whips
Of the robbers of the poor
Kill him!
Ordered the generals
If he is dead
The Revolution is dead
And we shall live
Again.

CHRONICLER:
Upon his head they set
A price. Who shall catch him
Shall have his reward
Of money, orders and honor.
The same shall be paid
To whoever brings
The woman whose word
Brings life to the people
In battle.

CHOIR OF WOMEN:
Rosa Luxemburg.

CHOIR:
Who catches Karl Liebknecht?
Who catches Rosa Luxemburg?
A hundred thousand marks
In ready cash
In ready cash
Are his.

CHOIR (alternately):
D'you know, man, what's the good of cash?
Money is bread and good meat hash
Money is warmth and ease inside
Money is sleep whatever betide
Money is time and time is yours
Money is might and bursts all doors
Money is luck, money makes cash
Now's the time, now—or smash!

CHRONICLER:
And one

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Of all the millions, one
Betrayed
The leader
Of the struggling people
Of Berlin.

VOICE:
I will tell you
Where they sleep
At night
Hidden like criminals.

CHRONICLER:
And led the soldiers
To the house wherein
Liebknecht and Luxemburg
Slept the uneasy sleep
Of the hunted.

CHOIR OF WOMEN:
For the hunted
Has no rest
Day is his foe
Night shields him not
Only the breath of friends
Lamenting, defenceless guai

MEN:
Are you Karl Liebknecht?

VOICE:
I am Karl Liebknecht.

MEN:
Are you Rosa Luxemburg?

VOICE:
I am Rosa Luxemburg.

CHOIR:
I say to you, whoever strike
These ones dead, does good
And the mighty
Will reward it
The judges will not
Sentence him
The world
Will hold out its arms to him
And the people
Will praise him
The Saviour.

CHRONICLER:
They insulted the prisoners
And asked, mocking:

CHOIR (alternately):
Where now are your comrades?
Where is your Heaven on Earth

CHRONICLER:
And spat in their faces
And struck with clubs
The defenceless
And secretly they killed
Rosa Luxemburg
And threw her tortured body
In the Landwehr Canal.
And in the darkness of the quiet Zoo
They murdered
Karl Liebknecht.

CHOIR:
The generals shouted
Bravo!
The traitors of the people yelled
Bravo!
Through the night
From the Eden Hotel
Throbbed the wires
Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

CHRONICLER:
The murderers
Brought his body
To the mortuary.

MEN:
Here we bring a strange
Unknown man.

CHRONICLER:
But the people of Berlin
Demanded:

FULL CHOIR:
Where are our leaders?

CHRONICLER:
Then the murderers lied.

MEN:
We had captured them
It was our intent to lead them
In good custody to safe keeping
But they tried to flee
And we were obliged
As they fled
As they fled
To shoot them.

CHRONICLER:
The people of Berlin
Answered:

FULL CHOIR:
You lie!
You lie!
Our leaders
You have
Murdered.

SOLO VOICE:
The people of Berlin
Lamented
For the dead.

CHOIR:
Lower the flags
The flags of battle
Flags of freedom
Lower them to the Earth
To the lap of our Mother.

SOLO VOICE:
From the dying hand
Of one man falls
The blessed flag,
Thousands are waiting
Ready
And the flag of the dead
Flies again high.

FULL CHOIR:
Nations hear the signal:
Fights in the van
The International
For the just rights of man.

VOICE (speaks):
We commemorate the dead revolutionaries in Europe, America and Asia, in Africa and Australia, in all the five Continents of the World where the flag of the Revolution shines as an eternal hope for the oppressed and humble, we commemorate the dead pioneers of Soviet Russia, we commemorate Lenin, we commemorate Sacco and Vanzetti who died for us, we commemorate Eugene Leviné, Gustav Landauer, Matteoti and Erich Muehsam, we commemorate the innumerable sailors, soldiers, peasants, workers, writers, engineers, all the Nameless ones tortured, racked, hanged, shot and struck down on the battlefields of the Revolution.

CHOIR OF WOMEN:
When the swinging hammers rest
And the sweeping scythes
When the evening falls
On the ripening fields
And the flags, the red assailing flags
Float in a quiet wind
In the stony canyons of the city streets
Then we think of them
The fighters of the Revolution fallen unknown.

FULL CHOIR:
For he honors the dead
Who serves the living.

SOLO VOICE:
Many yet will fall
In the crash of the times.

SOLO VOICE:
You perhaps!

SOLO VOICE:
Or you!

SOLO VOICE:
Or you!

CHOIR:
Or you!

FULL CHOIR:
But the world shall be ours!
The flag of the dead
Flies again high.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

A New Direction for Criticism

IN a recent issue of THE NEW MASSES (Dec. 4) James T. Farrell reminds us that "the study of an author's style, his selection of imagery and the symbols he uses . . . could bring forth considerable illumination" in the criticism of contemporary writing. A number of Marxist critics have been aware of this method of approach although none of them has as yet applied it—to the considerable impoverishment of our criticism. During the past year, in fact, there has been a narrowing tendency in book reviews, critical studies and literary articles purporting to embody the Marxist point of view. We have been so much concerned with *what* the author is saying that we have neglected the concomitant question: how does he say it? In a basic sense discussion of subject-matter always throws some light on form, since form and content do not exist apart and are separable only for purposes of analysis. But certain formal problems have such fundamental implications that their investigation would help considerably toward clearing up important questions of subject-matter as well.

This may be true of many writers, as Farrell has said, particularly those who are products of urban life. But there is every reason to believe that with far more writers no such dichotomy exists. It is unnecessary to list all of the revolutionary writers born and brought up in non-urban surroundings for whom nature as an impressive background of experience furnishes a wide, perhaps chief, field of reference. One thinks immediately of Josephine Herbst's new novel, and of such an image as the following which is typical of her book and generally typical of imagery used by a half-dozen other writers who have contributed work more or less within the field of revolutionary literature:

> Aunty had parceled out four hundred dollars apiece to her nieces Anne Wendel and Hortense Ripley, but look what happened. Sunk in Pap's business and *drained off like so much rain on rocky soil.*

Random examination of several other novels provides similar examples (our italics). In *The Shadow Before,* Rollins writing of a jail:

> his eyes slowly swept the *twilight forest of rusty bars* (p. 173).

In Halper's *The Foundry:*

> his great body, rising above his short legs, was like a huge bowlder standing ready to block the way to somewhere (p. 361).

Numerous nature images appear through Gold's *Jews Without Money,* Fielding Burke's *Call Home the Heart;* less frequently in Newhouse's *You Can't Sleep Here,* although the following is not untypical:

> Her teeth were tiny and bad, but she was pretty, *like a dark sparrow* (p. 134).

Although the critical approach which Farrell emphasizes has been generally neglected by Marxists, others have been employing it steadily for some time; and with as much success as their non-Marxist limitations have allowed. For the last decade Professor Frederick Prescott of Cornell University has been subjecting classical English and American poetry and prose to this type of investigation, although to date he has published no results.[1] His specific findings, however, would have small value for Marxist criticism since Prescott's conclusions issue from his basic thesis: that poetry and religious mysticism (and for that matter, scientific mysticism) are essentially the same type of thinking; that they differ only as methods of approach to "Eternal" or "Higher" truth—a belief which has been echoed in the theses of the cleric Henri Brémond (*La Poésie Pure*) and the scientist Bertrand Russell (*Mysticism and Logic*). On the other hand, his investigations of the creative processes and problems of literature bring up a mass of facts extremely useful to the Marxist in his approach to literature via imagery. A critic equipped with Prescott's facts and a knowledge of Marxism could do much to untangle problems of form which our criticism has thus far failed to solve.

There are, of course, not only difficulties in applying the image-method of criticism but dangers as well; and these are probably unavoidable in a method which is essentially a new departure in criticism. For example, Farrell in one part of his discussion makes certain observations which may lead to a dangerous impression unless clarified. He reminds us that the writers of the romantic movement drew heavily on nature as a source of subject matter; "they commenced to re-see it and to extract from it new emotional and aesthetic values." He explains that nature "tied up with anthropomorphism, became an abundant source of imagery. One persistence of the romantic strain in contemporary writing is that dependence on nature as a source of imagery, and the use of romantic labels for symbolism." And some paragraphs later, in speaking of contemporary American writers, he says: "generally speaking the charms and atractions of nature have been peripheral if non-existent in their lives. Often they have sensed a dichotomy between the objects and sensations they have sought to describe, and the language and symbolism they have inherited as that of literary tradition."

From these statements the reader is given the impression that nature as a source of contemporary imagery is either undesirable because of its affiliations with the romantic tradition or unavailable because of its remoteness from the experiences of contemporary writers. Moreover, the use of nature-imagery frequently involves a dichotomy which needs to be healed—and he adduces Dahlberg as an example of one writer who has deliberately attempted to "heal it with an original use of imagery."

Symbols taken from nature abound in Conroy's *The Disinherited* as well as Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* (an automobile is "a big black chariot . . . running away from a cyclone. The dust blown up behind it did look like the approach of a cyclone," p. 155). Perhaps the most memorable example appears in *The Land of Plenty* (Cantwell): an extended figure of speech composed of nature images, itself a composite nature image:

> The light caught the cluster of pipes and wires that crawled like vines over the inside of the roof. There was a fat pipe like a stalk going up the wall, and from it the smaller pipes jutted out in right angle branches. Every few feet there was an ominous blossom of a valve (p. 64).

None of these examples required of their authors any deliberate healing of a dichotomy "with an original use of imagery." To be sure, no one expects revolutionary writers to make nature images or any other images in the romantic manner. We demand originality from each of our writers for the original way in which any writer creates imagery constitutes an important element of his style. None of the examples quoted impresses one as being reminiscent. On the contrary at least two of them have the ring of "inevitability." When Josephine Herbst speaks of money drained off like so much rain on rock soil her non-urban character is using a natural fact in her experience to make a vivid definition of an economic event. Cantwell's character employs an everyday item in his experience to make memorable the particular moment and locale in the consciousness of the reader.

The whole question of nature imagery is clarified when we examine the origin of images. Anyone who has investigated the subject knows that images issue not from God nor from some occult stratum in the stratosphere but from the experience of the writer. During the creative process a number of elements are drawn from the sub-vocal level of the mind, which may be described as a cauldron seething with impressions absorbed from experience. If you had a complete record of

1 *Poetry and Dreams* and particularly *The Poetic Mind* contain the bulk of Prescott's ideas.

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everything experienced by a given writer you could extract from his books every element of every image. This, of course, is neither necessary nor possible, although J. Livingston Lowes (in *The Road to Xanadu*) managed to track down practically every image in "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" to items in Coleridge's personal life or reading. The act of reading is frequently a vivid source of experience; with writers it is particularly impressive. If an urban-bred writer refers to nature vividly and authentically, reading has in some way impressed him with the validity of nature as a field of experience. At any rate ordinarily there is no reason for the existence of any dichotomy, such as Farrell adduces, which needs to be healed.

Cleavages can result only from a basic change in the writer's philosophy by which a body of experience formerly considered genuine must now be dismissed as false. For example, a revolutionary writer educated in the philosophy of Plato or in the religion of the Catholic church or in the doctrine of religious Judaism finds that a vast number of elements absorbed during his pre-revolutionary experience no longer are valid, but must be understood in a new light. Generally speaking, these cleavages will arise only with beliefs and impressions that have been proved false in the light of Marxist philosophy—such as a belief in superstitions, animism, religion, heaven-made destiny, anthropomorphism, etc. But there is no reason for including nature in this category, since there is nothing false in vivid awareness of the beauties, horrors and marvelous perfections of the natural world. And a religious view of nature is hardly typical of the present generation of revolutionary writers.

Farrell's essay as a whole is one of the most valuable suggestions that Marxist critics have received during the past year. In his brief discussion of Edward Dahlberg's prose he has demonstrated a fruitful approach to the study of form; by analyzing Dahlberg's prose he has indicated concretely the need for considerations of form in Marxist book reviews, essays, and critical articles. But our procedure is by no means limited to the specific points discussed by Farrell. The approach to literature via imagery has innumerable uses, among them "detective" work in the study of writers avowing themselves revolutionaries but frequently equivocal in practice. Such detective analysis need not be merely sleuth work: it may prove helpful to a writer eager to understand his confusions. Louis Aragon, in his two recent poems: "Give" and "Waltz" (published in *Hourra l'Oural*) constantly ruins his revolutionary intentions by employing certain decadent tricks of surrealism. To a slighter degree such is the case with some British and American poets and novelists sympathetic to Marxism. For the Marxist scholar attempting to recreate and analyze the subject-matter of classic writers the image-method offers probably the most dependable single instrument. And there are other equally important uses. At any rate this new critical direction can help not only to develop the potentialities of the Marxist approach but to solve many questions both consciously and unconsciously perceived as obstacles to the growth of our literature.

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Lenin on Renegade Socialism

THE PROLETARIAN REVOLUTION AND RENEGADE KAUTSKY, by V. I. Lenin. Little Lenin Library, Vol. 21. International Publishers. Cloth $1.00, paper 30c.

IN THE opening period of the Communist International, Lenin's classic, *State and Revolution,* served as the major weapon for winning over the advanced sections of social-democratic workers to the Comintern. *The Proletarian Revolution and Renegade Kautsky,* published at the end of 1918, is a continuation of *State and Revolution.* It answers Karl Kautsky's pamphlet, *The Dictatorship of the Proletariat* which attacks the teachings of Marx and Engels on the State and Lenin's development of these teachings in *State and Revolution.* It is a merciless criticism of Kautsky, exposing him as an opponent of proletarian revolution and an open counter-revolutionist.

Kautsky took the position which serves as the platform of social-democracy throughout the world today. Ignoring the class domination character of the State, he counterposes "pure" democracy, democracy in general, to dictatorship in general. He sets himself against revolutionary Marxism by denying the necessity for violent revolution, by maintaining that proletarian rule can be achieved through a parliamentary majority. He attacks the proletarian dictatorship in the Soviet Union for having destroyed "pure" (*i.e.,* bourgeois) democracy.

Lenin shows that by speaking of "pure" democracy, Kautsky forsakes Marxism and adopts a bourgeois liberal position. A liberal speaks of democracy in general, but a Marxist asks: *democracy for what class?* Every form of class rule has a different form of democracy. Bourgeois dictatorship is democracy for the bourgeoisie; proletarian dictatorship is democracy for the proletariat.

> ". . . dictatorship," writes Lenin, "does not necessarily mean the abolition of democracy for the class that exercises dictatorship over other classes; but it certainly does mean the abolition (or very material restriction, which is also a form of abolition) of democracy for that class over which, or against which, the dictatorship is exercised." (p. 18.)
>
> Dictatorship is power, based directly upon force, and unrestricted by any laws.
>
> The revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat is power won and maintained by the violence of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie, power that is unrestricted by any laws. (Page 19.)

It is important to note that a section of this quotation is being used by Hearst in his fascist-activities in a garbled form.

When the Socialist Party leaders and A. F. of L. bureaucrats today point to the democracy we "enjoy" under the New Deal, they conceal the true character of the Roosevelt administration. The latest income tax reports show conclusively for whom Roosevelt has shuffled the New Deal. While the receivers of million incomes have increased, while corporation profits have grown, not only labor but the middle and professional classes have suffered decreases. The institutions created by the New Deal have been, in effect, and are becoming more openly the apparatus of a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.

On the other hand, what has the dictatorship of the proletariat brought the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union? It disposed of the capitalists and big landowners; it raised gigantic industries owned and controlled by the workers; it brought the experience and organization of the working class to the service of the poor and middle peasants, helping them to build socialist forms of agriculture. And it has, in this process, developed the initiative and the abilities of the toiling population to an extent unheard of in history.

In a recently published pamphlet, *Dictatorship and Democracy in the Soviet Union,* by Anna Louise Strong (International Pamphlets, No. 40), there is a brief but illuminating description of how the workers and peasants participate daily in governing the country, by which means State bodies are rooted among the masses and remain sensitive to their most intimate needs and aspirations. It is from this participation of the wide masses in government that "changes of law and new regulations are made in the Soviet Union . . . from which conditions become evident and new ideas emerge."

Answering in detail, the points raised in Kautsky's attack, Lenin shows that a parliamentary majority is far from sufficient for the working class to gain political power. The exploiting class will never willingly relinquish power. Only the power of the toiling classes, exercised through the dictatorship of the proletariat, can smash the bourgeois State and set up in its place a democracy *for the poor and the oppressed.* How forcefully have Lenin's teachings been vindicated in the light of recent history, with "socialist" governments of Germany and Austria bringing to the working classes in these countries, not Socialism, but

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the most frenzied form of capitalist dictatorship—Fascism.

Kautsky's attack on the Soviet government for disfranchising the exploiting classes is answered by demonstrating, how, by this means, democracy *for the exploited* was expanded and safeguarded.

Kautsky further attacked the Soviet government for concluding an immediate peace with the Central Powers, and he ridiculed the Bolsheviks for counting on support of proletarian revolutions in European countries. Lenin replies that conclusion of an immediate, separate peace with the Germans was dictated by the class character of the war, *i.e.,* an imperialist war of aggression in which the proletariat had no interest. As for counting on support from proletarian revolutions in Europe, Lenin points out that this tactic was dictated by the existence of a revolutionary situation. That a revolutionary situation did exist, which Kautsky denied, was proved by the fact that ten days after Lenin wrote those very lines the German monarchy was overthrown and revolutionary uprisings took place in several European countries.

It is a classic of polemics, relentless in its probing of the anti-Marxist, bourgeois liberal bias behind Kautsky's professed Socialism. It picks up the false threads, the distortions and misrepresentations, by which Socialism could be woven by the Social Democrats into a snug garment for the bourgeoisie. How Kautsky became, in his renegade enthusiasm, the apologist for capitalism, Lenin's adroit quotations make clear; for Kautsky subtly dwelt only on the early progressive role of capitalism and ignored the reactionary role of the capitalist class, the development of capitalist contradictions toward their crisis, the necessity of overthrowing capitalism and replacing it by a proletarian dictatorship.

Under the leadership of Stalin, who has fruitfully continued Lenin's teachings, the Communist International has characterized the present period as approaching a new round of revolutions and wars. In putting forward the central international slogan of this period, *For Soviet Power,* we must be fully clear on "the question of the root content of the proletarian revolution, namely the dictatorship of the proletariat." Revolutionists discussing these problems with their class brothers in the Socialist Party and the A. F. of L. unions, need the sharp clarity of *The Proletarian Revolution and Renegade Kautsky.*

L. M. LERNER.

What Spies Are Made Of

ASEFF THE SPY, by Boris Nikolajewsky. Translated by George Reavey. Illustrated. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE Aseffs, unfortunately, can always be counted on by the revolutionary movement. They have revealed their Royal-Canadian-Mounty double faces in the Canadian courts; an Aseff gathered the evidence, the ridiculous evidence required by California justice to send the Imperial Valley strikers to jail. When they are uncovered they turn out to be too slimy for glamor ever to stick to them, though hack writers are willing enough to apply the gilt.

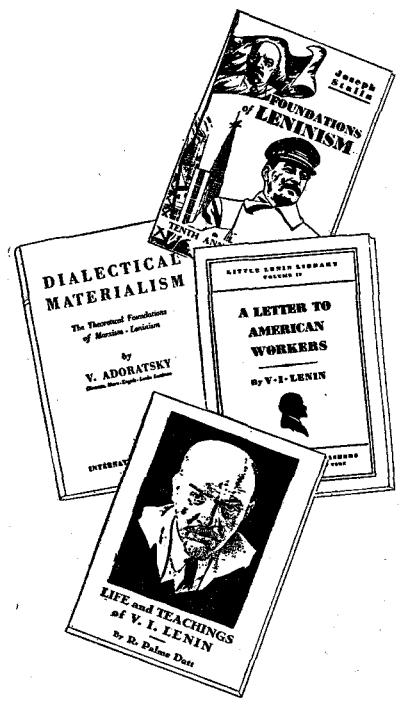
It is to Nikolajewsky's credit that he makes no effort, anywhere, to glorify his villain, but the blurb headlines Aseff as the *greatest* villain in history's secret annals; on the theory perhaps that there will be admirers for this sort of greatness too. But as they open the cover upon the frontispiece, admirers would have to have strong stomachs to retain their awe. The repulsive face that greets them reminds one of the mugs Lombroso reproduced in his criminological studies. The man confesses himself, in his face; yet, as we read, we learn that his self-confessing face became one of his assets. The suspicious were told to be above judging by his looks; and suspicions that began elsewhere, were referred to his physiognomy and cancelled there.

The story in itself is not overly exciting. Aseff was a prudent man who kept away from trouble. Both as a police agent, and as chief of the terrorists, he stayed out of the murder jobs. He pulled strings, and there were sometimes police chiefs as well as revolutionary leaders at the ends of the strings.

Several things of interest to us emerge in the course of this book: One, that the political philosophy of the terrorists was anti-Marxian and, in general, bourgeois democratic.

The terrorists were a favored group of the Social Revolutionary Party which opposed Marxism. Its composition was predominantly petty-bourgeois; its program was a vague Populism; it based its strength not on the proletariat but on the peasantry to whom it offered a muddled leadership. It was given its opportunity, under Kerensky, to carry through a revolutionary transformation of society, and failed. It used its opportunity in an attempt to install the petty bourgeoisie, and to put off the workers and peasants, and allowed itself to become the ally of the Intervention. It failed the revolutionary masses of Russia who thrust it aside in anger and contempt and turned to the Bolsheviki, who had never indulged in the Terrorist melodrama, and indeed, had consistently opposed individual terror, calling at all times for disciplined mass action. They were vindicated in 1905 when mass action thrust the terror aside as an insignificant weapon; and the revolutionary masses in 1917, found in the realist Bolshevik discipline and program, their final instrument for the reconstitution of society.

Aseff constantly expressed scorn of proletarian revolution and hostility to the Marxist program. The terrorists' aim was essentially to frighten the administration into becoming a docile constitutional monarchy, under which the arrested bourgeois revolution could fulfill itself. The conflict was, in some essentials,



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the unlawful terror of the angry, frustrated bourgeois, grappling with the lawful terror of the Ochrana, the secret police, organ alike of autocracy, the church and the landed aristocracy, and in some ways an autonomous entity within the Tsarist system.

Secondly, it is illuminating, that the police chiefs chose as apprentices, liberals, especially young and ambitious liberals. The police had a cynical conviction as to their corruptibility.

Thirdly, the problem of Aseff's motive. The author poses the question: why did Aseff not only betray the terrorists but, apparently the Ochrana, as well? The author's answer is acquisitiveness. Aseff was serving two paymasters and in his own way tried to be loyal to both. The terrorists' funds were always ample. Aseff controlled them and with them could indulge the luxurious tastes native to him and encouraged by the music hall mistress who displaced more and more openly, his revolutionist wife.

The question, however, might rather be "was the Ochrana deceived?" Its policy was always tortuous and always Machiavellian, but its main objective was clear. It was fighting consistently for its own survival. It had become a huge, self-contained organism within the governmental system. Any change in the direction of bourgeois democracy was against its interest, for it would mean displacement of the Ochrana by judicial institutions. The Ochrana existed, presumably, to protect Czarism; its aim became to turn Czarism into a protector of Ochrana. So long as Czarism could feel that it needed the Ochrana the latter would be safe against the emergent bourgeois institutions which threatened it. At the time, the Ochrana needed the terror, precisely for what the Terrorists wished, to frighten the Czar, but just enough to have him keep the watchman on the job. For this purpose an unpopular minister, even an obscure member of the royal family could be sacrificed. By such repellant means, by such a mixture of sordidness and violence, a class, by its very nature criminal, though operating as the law itself, kept itself in power.

If we return to the American scene, to the stools, punks, provocateurs and other vermin that the bosses use to preserve themselves, to the incited riots in which an occasional cop, even a politician may be sacrificed, we see the same business going on.

Whatever the final interpretation may be, this conclusion is inescapable; no matter what its other motives may be, one of the strategies of a political system defending itself is to lure the revolutionaries to commit suicide by unorganized, sporadic, self-betraying violence.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

An Incomplete Indictment

ALL IN THE NAME OF GOD, by Everette R. Clinchy. The John Day Company. $2.50.

ONE hundred years ago a series of anti-Catholic sermons preached by the Reverend Lyman Beecher resulted in a mob raiding and setting fire to the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, Massachusetts. In the 1850's a Methodist named Orr, known as the Angel Gabriel because he summoned his audiences with a trumpet, instigated riots that culminated in the blowing up, burning, or damaging of Catholic churches in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and Ohio. In the 1890's the American Protective Association carried on an anti-Catholic campaign comparable in viciousness to the anti-Jewish attacks of present day Nazis. Referring to the strength of this agitation the author quotes John Haynes Holmes as saying: "In the neighborhood where I lived and where I went to school it was commonly believed that in every Catholic Church a musket was planted in the cellar whenever a Catholic boy was born in the neighborhood of the parish."

These and many other similar facts that make up the story of religious prejudice in the United States Dr. Clinchy assembles in his brief and readable volume. His main emphasis is on the long history and deep roots of the anti-Catholic and anti-semitic movements in this country, though he includes much interesting material on the intolerance towards all sects not their own of the different religious groups among the early American colonists. He also gives a competent account of the growth of the liberal attitude, initiated by such statesmen as Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. All in all the book throws a good deal of light on contemporary religious and racial prejudice in America. And it has much to teach radical minority groups which are constantly running up against unreasoning antagonism on the part of the population as a whole.

This teaching however, is mainly in the form of the more directly observable facts. For in his discussion of causes and program of cures the Reverend Dr. Clinchy is typically unrealistic. He grants in one place that "control of Protestant-Catholic-Jewish relations rests in part upon control of economic oscillations" and that perhaps the profit system has something to do with intergroup jealousies and strains. But he never follows through these hurried hints of a thorough-going analysis and never once mentions the tremendous progress in eradicating religious and racial antagonisms in the Soviet Union since the establishment there of a socialist economic and cultural order. Nor does the author ever seem to glimpse the implications of his book's most excellent title. If the atrocious and deplorable things about which he writes were done "All in the Name of God", might it not be a good idea in this fourth decade of the twentieth century to try solving human problems in the name of something else?

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Side Trackers of American Thought

MOLDERS OF AMERICAN THOUGHT (1933-1934), *edited by William H. Cordell. Doubleday, Doran and Company.* $2.50.

RECENTLY Mr. Harry Hansen reviewed the above-mentioned book and, after praising it up to the stratosphere, he reminded himself of a weak spot and wrote: "It is unfortunate that Mr. Cordell did not include one of the extreme radicals, in order to present both the terms on which the leftists hope to remake the American world and the character of its expression." Unfortunate is hardly the word. Unscrupulous would be a better one. Mr. Cordell was anxious to give space to Mr. C. Hartley Grattan and the latter's defence of those younger American intellectuals, who are unable to swallow Marx completely and regard the discipline of the Communist Party as a blow to their sacred, tissue-paper individualities. However, Mr. Cordell had no desire to reprint an article by Granville Hicks, Milton Howard, or best of all, Earl Browder, because such an inclusion might have been an antidote to the conservative-liberal poison, which Mr. Cordell has mixed.

Mr. C. Hartley Grattan is a profound humorist, who can assert that "Mr. Calverton is, of course, a convinced Communist and he and his fellows have gone the whole way to the left." This practice of singling out the radical quacks, hedgers and quibblers characterizes the collection. The writers attempt to imitate Machiavelli, but fall far short of his cleverness. They contend that the Communist Party program in this country is dictated by "men in Moscow utterly ignorant of American social peculiarities," but the actual peculiarities, the anemic qualms, the bland opportunisms, the chauvinisms masquerading as American traits, are better known to opposite intellectuals both in America and Moscow than the Grattans and Calvertons have any desire to admit.

The essay on verse, "Our Haughty Poets," by Mr. Newton Arvin, is nebulous. After confessing that American poets of the present "wish to express not so much of their own private experiences as the experiences and purposes of a whole class," and that many "desire to repudiate individualism in the interest of radical collectivism," Mr. Arvin can arrive at no conclusion clearer than the assertion that they will be less and less contented with personal immersions and will acquire a sense of responsibility to the culture of which they are a part. This smooth method of pointing to gravities and social changes and then minimizing them, would seem to be the trade-mark of certain perturbed liberals in our own time. Mr. Arvin mentions many contemporary Left poets but forgot to include Magil, Vogel, H. H. Lewis, Kenneth Fearing, and Don West—poets with a relatively simple incisiveness, unadorned intensity, naturally — while Isidor Schneider is bracketted in the strange company of James Rorty and Horace Gregory.

The anthology opens with an extended, lugubrious paper by Theodore Dreiser, in his profuse style—"The Myth of Individuality" —and Mr. Dreiser declares that we are all tied by common needs, but fails to offer any solution other than the would-be mystical poem—"I am the doubter and the doubt, and I the hymn the Brahmin sings"—which closes his performance. The time of leniency toward Dreisers and Sherwood Andersons has long since passed. It is no longer pertinent to challenge them to a definite voicing of beliefs after their antics in the notorious Spectator. Their names may still be on the committees of organizations defending the rights of political prisoners, but this smacks more of absentmindedness than of any lingering indecision. If, in the future, they decide to make occasional contributions to the Left, these should not be ignored but received, certainly, with an attitude of fundamental distrust.

Another essay in this doleful aggregation is "What Religion Means to Me," by Pearl S. Buck. This author states that she is not a Communist but that the spirit of religion "is working in Communism," that the Communists are "missionaries," revere their leaders as much as Christians revere the saints so-called, while the proletarian "heaven of revolt" is as remote as the angelled, Christian paradise. This form of attack is insidious because it confuses steadfast, realistic insight with fanatical vaporings and strives, cunningly to malign the former by identifying it with the latter, in the hope that workers and a disgruntled middle class will be less inclined to trade the old for the new, if they can be led to think that such an alteration would be only a trivial exchange. The fact that Communists have a mission—the militant liberation of the proletariat in every country—is linked to the more odious noun, "missionary," in the effort to bewilder possible converts to Communism and innoculate them with a defeatism, in which they will consider the goal of a classless world to be as distant as any concocted Nirvana. The entire anthology bears an erroneous title. It should have been labelled "Side-Trackers of American Thought (1933-1934)" and, in parenthesis ("by no means completely successful").

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

Brief Review

EX-PRIEST AND THE RIDDLE OF RELIGION, by L. H. Lehmann. Agora Publishing Co. $2.50.

THIS is another exposé of the Catholic Church by a former priest too honest and too decent to remain within the fold. And he is undoubtedly correct in stating that the number of those following his example would be greatly augmented were it not for the sheer fear of making a sharp break with the past and starting a whole new way of life, both in an economic and spiritual sense. Mr. Lehmann's best chapters are in the first half of the book, in which he gives interesting information about the training of priests, the hocus-pocus with which they befuddle the masses, and the corrupting attitude of Rome towards sex. The author's main object however, is to save religion for mankind by getting rid of reactionary Catholicism; and he never shows the slightest awareness of the fact that all religion is something of a fraud and survives mainly because of backward social and economic conditions.

FIESTA IN MEXICO, by Erna Fergusson; illustrations by Valentín Vidauretta. Alfred A. Knopf, 1934. $2.50.

Intended as an "objective" description of various Mexican fiestas, *Fiesta in Mexico* is actually a confection for the comfort of melancholy bourgeois who every day have less reason to believe in paradise. Capitalists will warm to the news that there still exists a land where insulted and injured folk take pride in the principle, "If I show no resentment, I am greater than he who offends me"—and where children in church, agape before idols and tinsel, still turn in wonder and ask, "Mamá, is this heaven?"

Familiarity with Engels' "Origin of the Family" would have enabled Miss Fergusson to write a much better, because more understanding, book. She would have seen, to begin with, the fiestas and bullfights of Mexico as "breadless circuses," and all her descriptions would have gained by being related, even implicitly, to the hard facts of history, civilization, and social organization. However, constricted as it is within the narrow limits of uncoordinated visual detail and confused skepticism, it remains pretty much a gaudy Mexican-pink dulce to divert and hush the wails of fat, frightened capitalist babies.

EUGENE O'NEILL: A Critical Study by Sophus Keith Winther. Random House. $2.

Professor Winther offers a detailed analysis of O'Neill's plays from the repudiated *Thirst* to *Days Without End.* O'Neill is credited with illuminating a series of *very* important modern problems, such as The Pagan Way of Life, Determinism, Fatalism and Free Will and The Relativity of Good and Evil. Dr. Winther suggests that O'Neill's contribution as a philosopher is heightened because he doesn't fall for the "easy philosophy of Communism." The author says, "O'Neill is too soundly pessimistic to be beguiled by so facile a solution. To him there is something fundamentally tragic in life itself." After reading this volume it appears that it is still possible to seriously contend that art has nothing to do with propaganda, or vice versa.

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Music

A Music School for Workers

THE Workers' Music League of New York has announced the formation of a Workers' Music School.

The economic crisis was not required to disclose the manifold weaknesses of bourgeois schools of music. Most of these schools have been founded as a result of the interest in music of some wealthy individuals, motivated by a desire to become "patrons" of the arts on the basis of large endowments. They have sought to lure students with the prestige that comes from studying with world famous artists, and with a pot of gold and a distinguished "career" as incentive for their efforts. These rich institutions were obviously not organized for profit, since their endowments underwrote any deficits. But this fact has not made them available to a wide enrollment of whatever economic or artistic status. The entrance requirements closed doors to all but those whose obvious qualifications promised quick development into a kind of musical brilliance which would reflect glory upon the institutions which nurtured them. They have granted scholarships and student aid in ever increasing proportions in order to attract students of talent. But a false pretension has always existed in this encouragement of embryonic musicians for professional careers. For years opportunities for musicians have been narrowing. With the exception of a handful of names, no concert artist has received any consistent remuneration—and in pedagogy the private instructor has found himself less and less able to compete with the heavily endowed schools.

Even the faculties of our leading schools have become reduced to more and more exclusive cliques, largely of imported musicians: Russian emigrés, English dandies, etc.—any and all except Americans—unless these were from the ranks of products of the leading teachers—graduate students hired as "secondary" instructors.

Even in the music schools associated with universities, where the entrance requirements demand a certain number of academic credits, there has long existed an indiscriminate scramble after a degree—that *sine qua non* of the teacher in all our accredited universities where music is taught. It never seems to be taken into consideration, either by endowed music schools or higher institutions of learning, that the field for which they are madly preparing artists and pedagogues is narrowing to the vanishing point. With the smaller conservatories, many of which have folded up during the crisis, the efforts to create professional musicians for non-existent careers, may truly be characterized as obtaining money under false pretenses.

The Workers' Music School aims to avoid all the pitfalls and pretensions which exist in bourgeois schools of music. Conducted by a group of musicians who are specialists in their respective fields, the curriculum will include: theory, music appreciation, choral singing, and instruction in piano, violin and other instruments. These classes have been planned with a view to practical work in the revolutionary movement. And there are to be special courses in music criticism from the Marxian viewpoint. Music history is to be studied with the historical economic and political background taken into consideration. A group of specifically trained teachers will conduct a special department for children.

The nominal fees make the courses available to those workers and their children who are seriously interested both in preserving authentic musical traditions and in building a new musical world which will survive the collapse of an outmoded social system. The development of professional virtuosi, completely separated from the realities of the present as well as from important new musical developments, is far removed from the aims of the Workers' Music School.

Details of organization and registration are available from the Workers' Music League, 799 Broadway, New York.

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Not a Dry Eye

ROBERT FORSYTHE

IT WOULD not be accurate to say that the ushers were walking in tears to their ankles but it is certainly true that not since the days of *The Old Homestead* has there been such a collection of sniffs, sobs, dabbing at eyes and blowing of noses as was present during the recent two weeks of *The Little Minister,* at the Radio City Music Hall. When Babbie stood by the door and asked God that Gavin, the Little Minister, be saved, there was a possibility that the performance would have to be called off because of wet grounds.

The picture is made from the book and play of Sir James Barrie and clings, so far as my memory serves me, rather strictly to the original. The film is built around Katharine Hepburn and will make a great deal of money and will not enhance the young lady's reputation. When she failed so profoundly last year on Broadway in *The Lake,* there was a disposition to dismiss her as an actress. This never seemed sensible to me. The fact that the young lady couldn't sustain a full role meant only that as a quarter-miler she was no good at the marathon. If the technic of the screen was such that she had only a few minutes of acting at a time, this was not to say that she might not be excellent in short bursts. In short, if Hepburn was to be criticized, she was entitled to be criticized for her cinema work, where her larger reputation lay.

In *The Little Minister* she comes perilously close to becoming Wallace Beery. She is arch and coy and hale fellow. Much of this may be the fault of Richard Wallace's direction. In no event may it be charged that Mr. Wallace is obsessed by genius. He has a scene in the rain, he has Babbie resting prettily in a tree, he has Babbie acting like the Bird Girl in *Green Mansions* and as the Red Flame of Thrums in the weavers' battle with His Majesty's troops, he has her very regal as the fiancee of Lord Rintoul. All this may be charged against Mr. Wallace with an assist by Sir James, who has overlooked nothing but the snowstorm and the bloodhounds, but Miss Hepburn, in the scenes where she might be the great actress she is supposed to be, has a struggle for ordinary competence. The customers were sobbing around me and were probably convinced that it was Miss Hepburn who was making them cry, but I can assure them that the Great Sacrifice has always brought tears. When she is brave and noble at giving him up for the sake of his career, she is going through the paces of a role which would bring sniffles even if Sinclair Lewis were playing it in a wig. The picture, therefore, may be set down as inconclusive evidence of Miss Hepburn's development. In my view it is a retreat for her. The fresh impact of her personality as evidenced in *A Bill of Divorcement* has given way to the usual Hollywood winsomeness and flabbiness of playing.

The class struggle which launches the picture soon peters out. The facts are not clear but enough is evident to show that the weavers are fighting Lord Rintoul, the master of Thrums. It may be resentment against the introduction of machine weaving. In any case the workers have rebelled and as the story opens, the good lord is conferring with the military on plans for a surprise night attack on the workers' leaders. Babbie, dressed as a gypsy, enveigles the Little Minister into giving the three blasts of the horn which arouse the weavers. They gather and debate about their action. Babbie urges them to fight. Gavin, the Little Minister, plumps for peace and submission. Babbie wins and the battle takes place. The troops fail to get their men and Gavin prevents them from getting Babbie. That can mean only one thing in a Barrie novel and an R. K. O. picture. Love arrives and the class struggle departs.

From being a picture which hinges on the conflict of the capitalists against the workers, with the troops always promptly on hand to defend the rights of property, it becomes a love story in which the girl can sacrifice her beloved one because a drunken member of the parish will return to his sodden ways if he knows the Little Minister has ceased being Sir Galahad. I don't say that the picture could have been a matter of capital and labor; I say that it *was* a matter of capital and labor until either Sir James or the producers changed its course. It doesn't matter greatly but from the sheer point of drama, it would seem that there is something a bit askew when the young lady willingly gives her life to face the troops but will not save her happiness by allowing Rob Dow to go back to his cups. This is all the more ridiculous because Rob Dow's whole objection was to the fact that she was a gypsy and thereby a harlot when as a matter of truth she was also the ward of Lord Rintoul and lived in the castle in silks.

Crockett Johnson

"George says you can't stop war. It's man's nature to fight."

Not content with ruining the story with this first deviation from sense, Sir James ends in one full burst of inanity by having the Little Minister stabbed at the church when he insists on entering it after having been discharged by the elders. He is stabbed and three guesses who stabs him? Rob Dow. And how? By mistake, of course. He loves the Little Minister and aims his blow at the particular elder guarding the sacred portals. He misses and plunges his knife into Gavin's breast. The tears have been dripping long before this, starting with Babbie's decision to Go Away and Never See You Again, but when they bring the Little Minister in and lay him gently on the couch, there is actual keening and wailing by the customers.

Coming down to it, it is all rather a mess. Because it takes place in 1840 the producers evidently think that anything will do and they provide a performance which eminently carries out their intention. John Beal as the Little Minister is good but I don't think I have ever seen minor parts done with so little distinction. The one exception is Andy Clyde in the rich character part of the lone policeman who is disgraced by the mere fact of donning the uniform and scorned by his old friends for stooping so low. Thrums must have been an interesting place withal but what we get of it is the church gentry and their stiff-necked concern with petty morals. About all I can do is cling to the Andy Clyde example. If that can be made to stand as a symbol of the attitude all policemen should have about their own worthlessness, I can forget about the tree climbing and the general maudlinity of the concluding scenes.

Sweet LeRoy

MERVIN LEROY used to make hard-boiled films, effective for their simple and straight-forward style. In *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* he topped his artistic career and became one of the most discussed American directors. Since then he has gone soft, and given up his researches into the American scene for "entertainment."

The new LeRoy line is illustrated by the two films he has made recently. The first was a gallon of tears (I don't remember the title) for the poor rich done in the typical Warner Brother manner, which is probably Hollywood's worst. Now he presents us with the film version of the Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein II operetta, *Sweet Adeline.*

This new film is also done in the manner long established in Warner Brothers musical

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films. It boasts of a gallery of stars, an insultingly dull story, and ordinary dance routines which are supposed to take your breath away with their esthetic beauty. Their effectiveness depends upon the use of hundreds of girls dressed in white dancing against a black background plus the use of mirrors and other tricks. PETER ELLIS.

Ode to Liberty

WHY does Mr. Howard waste his time, energy, and his considerable talents on tripe that is not merely tripe but frequently vicious, anti-Communist tripe? Mr. Howard knows better. He has, from time to time, actively supported militant working-class organizations. How come his left hand doesn't know what his right hand is doing?

Ode to Liberty (adapted from the French by Sidney Howard; Lyceum Theatre), is about a German Communist who after taking a pot shot at Hitler finds refuge in the house of a Parisian lady of quality. There, he falls in love with his benefactress after the usual delays created whenever a strong silent, he-man meets a soft, clever, bored, upperclass lady. Soon the revolution fades from his conscience and he is willing to give up all for love. But lo and behold, the Parisian high-born lady forces him to be true to himself and the two go off to Spain to live happily ever after between revolutions.

Of course the play is funny at times. Ina Claire, Walter Slezak, and Sidney Howard who directed it, see to that. Of course the play is a farce and one should have a sense of humor and not get hysteria if the Communist in it is not really a Communist, and if all the jibes leveled at the red are only pleasantly vicious, but one can't help feeling that the total effect is a horrible example of kissing the big toe of the stuffed-shirt Broadway audience. MICHAEL BLANKFORT.

Between Ourselves

AN announcement of great importance to all American writers will appear in THE NEW MASSES next week.

Ilya Ehrenbourg's article on the Saar, delayed in transit, reached the office Monday afternoon. The excellent translation, made by Leon Dennen, was finished by Tuesday noon. Dennen worked all night.

Ernst Toller's *A Man and a Woman* was translated by Alexander Henderson.

Michael Gold will describe the Washington Congress on Unemployment and Social Insurance in next week's issue.

Bernard Allen, who describes the West Virginia mass killings of tunnel workers by silicosis, had been preparing the article, one-half of which appears this week, for a considerable time. Albert Maltz's short story *Man on a Road,* which we published last week, spurred Allen into finishing the article. We expect to have some pictures to present with the second half of the article, in next week's issue.

The illness of John Latham compelled the postponement of the final article in his series "Will the Farmer Go Red?" The article, "The Way Out," will appear next week.

Slater Brown, novelist, and formerly an editor of The New Republic, has joined the editorial staff of THE NEW MASSES.

Joshua Kunitz is on a three-month leave of absence to finish his book on Central Asia.

New Masses Lectures

Friday evening, Jan. 11, Corliss Lamont will lecture on "Socialist Planning in the U.S.S.R." at the Brighton Workers Center, 3200 Coney Island Avenue, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brighton Workers Club.

Monday evening, Jan. 14, Ben Goldstein will lecture on "Press Prejudice and the Scottsboro Case" at the headquarters of the Friends of the Workers School, 116 University Place, New York City.

Friday evening, Jan. 18, John L. Spivak will speak on "Will America Have Fascism?" at the Hinsdale Workers Club, 572 Sutter Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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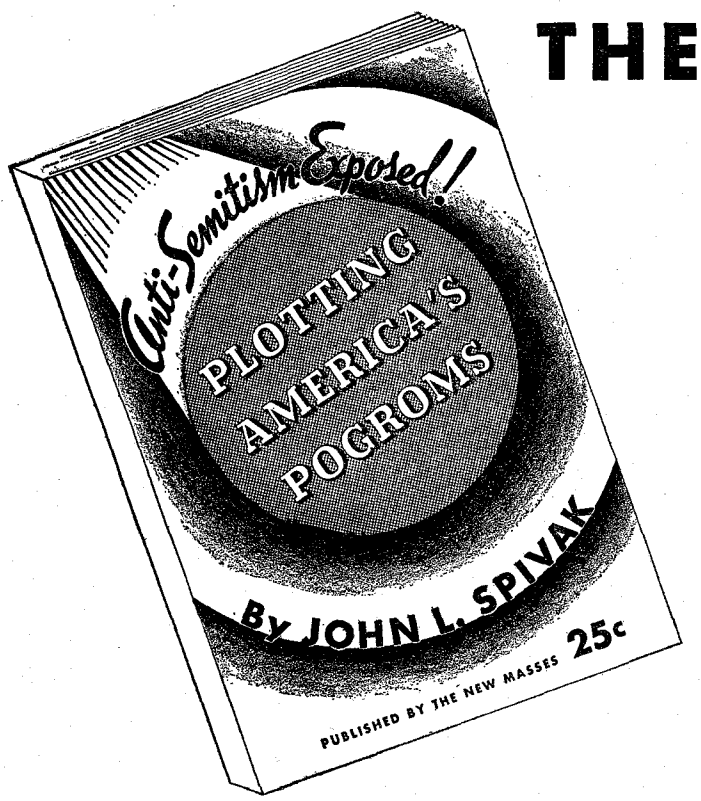

THE SPIVAK PAMPHLET

is now available. THE NEW MASSES has published the revelations by John L. Spivak on *Plotting America's Pogroms* which created a nation-wide stir on publication in the magazine. The pamphlet is of 96 pages, with a two-color cover, and retails for 25 cents. It should have the widest possible distribution. Those wishing to get this pamphlet in quantities should send in their orders to THE NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th Street, with cash at the following rates: In quantities up to 5 at 25 cents, plus postage (2c per copy); quantities of 6-25, 22 cents postpaid; 26-100, 20 cents; 101-300, 18 cents; 301-500, 16 cents; 501-1,000, 14 cents; 1,001 or more, 12 cents.

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